THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An I[illegible]ed Weekly Magazine
Fou[illegible]1728 by Benj.Franklin

JUNE 14. FIVE CENTS THE COPY

DRAWN BY
GEORGE GIBBS

Money-Mad Manhattan, By Alister Burford • The Steadfast Widow Delaney, By Hamlin Garland • Billy Lorimer, By Forrest Crissey • An Object of Value and Virtue, By E. Nesbit • The Magic Telephone, By William Henry McDonough • Men & Measures, By Charles Emory Smith • Unknown Captains of Industry, By Paul Latzke

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Fore River Ship and Engine Company

Quincy, Massachusetts

TREASURER'S OFFICE
155 Federal Street, Boston

Incorporated Under the Laws of New Jersey

DIRECTORS

THOMAS A. WATSON	President
D. H. ANDREWS	President Boston Bridge Works
CHARLES S. DENNIS	President Dennis & Lovejoy Wharf and Warehouse Co.
JAMES B. DILL	Attorney-at-Law, Author of "Dill on New Jersey Corporations"
GEORGE W. DAVENPORT	Secretary and Treasurer
FRANK O. WELLINGTON	General Manager
HOWARD P. ELWELL	General Superintendent
WILLIAM C. HABBERLEY	Auditor

The Company offers for public subscription **10,000 Shares of Preferred Stock** on the following terms: Preferred stock at $100 per share, and of the 10,000 shares of common stock now in treasury one share will be given as a **bonus** with every two shares of preferred.

In case of subscription for one share only of preferred stock at $100 per share, a share of common stock will be reserved for 90 days and issued as a bonus if a second share of preferred stock is subscribed for within that time.

The right is reserved to withdraw or reduce the bonus of common stock without notice.

The founders of the business have personally invested over one million dollars in cash in the stock of the Fore River Ship and Engine Co. before the present offering of stock to the public is made.

CAPITALIZATION

Fore River Ship and Engine Co. is capitalized as follows:

Preferred Stock, 20,000 Shares $2,000,000
Common Stock, 20,000 Shares $2,000,000

Par Value of Shares, $100, Full Paid and Non-Assessable

THERE IS NO BONDED INDEBTEDNESS

The preferred stock has a non-cumulative first preference upon the net profits of the Company up to 7 per cent. per annum. In case of liquidation or dissolution of the Company, and distribution of its assets, the Charter provides that $125 per share must be paid to preferred stockholders before anything is paid to holders of the common stock. The Charter further provides that one-half of all net profits in excess of 7 per cent. on the preferred stock shall be held as a sinking fund which on reaching $100,000 must be applied to redeeming the preferred stock at $125 per share, or at a lower price if so offered by holders to the Company, to such amount as such sum will redeem. For example: when there is $200,000 of net profits over and above the dividend on the preferred stock, $100,000 is applicable to a dividend on the common and $100,000 must be applied to redemption of a portion of the preferred stock.

Of the above $4,000,000 total stock authorized, there is now in the treasury of the Company $1,000,000 preferred and $1,000,000 common. Prior to the incorporation of this Company in February, 1901, the business had been conducted for seventeen years by Messrs. T. A. Watson and F. O. Wellington as a co-partnership. During the last two years and since the incorporation of the Company, the sum of $1,500,000 cash has been expended on the plant.

There is at present outstanding $1,000,000 of preferred stock and $1,000,000 of common stock issued against a plant which has cost $1,500,000 cash; and the stock now to be sold provides cash for additions to plant and working capital to the amount of $1,000,000.

The provisions of the Charter guarding the investor in this preferred stock are exceedingly strong, being drawn with great care by the highest legal talent. It has a preference not only on the net profits up to 7 per cent., but also upon the assets of the Company in case of distribution.

EARNINGS

The earnings of the Company for five months to January 1, 1902, were $101,574.36 in accordance with the certificate of the Eastern Audit Company.

The entire $2,000,000 preferred stock requires but $140,000 for its 7 per cent. dividends. The Company earned, at the rate of over $100,000 in excess of the amount required to pay the dividend on the entire $2,000,000 preferred stock, this while construction of the works was under way.

By the operation of the sinking fund the earnings applicable to the common stock will naturally increase, and with the Company earning from $400,000 to $500,000 per annum in the future, which is quite possible with the yard filled with work, it will be seen that owing to the small capitalization the common stock is likely to earn very large dividends in the future.

By the provision that a sum equal to any dividends on the common stock must be used to retire preferred stock, it is probable that the preferred stock will rapidly decrease. As it decreases the common stock will command more of the net earnings of the Company on the small capitalization of $2,000,000.

DIVIDENDS

By the terms of the Charter, semi-annual dividends on the preferred stock are payable on the second Mondays in January and July, out of the earnings of the Company.

In accordance with this provision a dividend on the preferred stock of 3½ per cent. will be paid on July 14, 1902, out of accrued earnings.

DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY AND CONTRACTS

Below is a brief description of the Company's plant, and business and contracts in hand:

REAL ESTATE

78 Acres of Land, Bounded by 1¾ Miles of Water Front

The buildings enumerated here are only the larger buildings comprising the Company's plant. In addition to these there is a large office building and some fifteen other buildings which it is unnecessary to mention in detail. Outside of the plant proper the Company owns a number of dwelling houses and other real estate in Quincy, which produces a substantial income, and this outside real estate is conservatively held as being worth $100,000.

BUILDINGS

Forge,	107 x 200,	21,400 sq. ft.	Woodwork Shop and Mold Loft	(398 x 72)	2 floors,	43,776 sq. ft.
Annealing Plant	(40 x 40) 2; 45 x 56,	5,608 "	Ship Tool Shop,	390 x 143	"	55,770 "
Carpenter Shop	(105 x 72) 2 floors,	15,120 "	Machine Shop,	400 x 118		
Store House	(165 x 72) 2 "	32,760 "	Gallery	(400 x 28)		
Pattern Storage	(105 x 72) 2 "	15,120 "	Basement	(238 x 23),		76,224 "
Power House,	102 x 65,	10,580 "	Ship House,	490 x 325,		159,250 "
Coal Pockets,	65 x 48,	3,120 "	Ship Carpenter Shop,	50 x 50,		2,500 "
		108,658 "				337,520 "

Total area under roof (nearly eleven acres), . 441,176 square feet.

The forge in the above list is one of the three large forging plants in this country and Fore River is the only shipyard having a forge capable of the largest work in ship-building. This forge is also kept busy on miscellaneous outside work.

THE ISLE OF KENT.—This picture was taken in dry dock and shows how smashed up the bow of the ship really was. Fore River Ship and Engine Company repaired her in 21 days. Contract price $23,500.

Work in Progress in Fore River Yard
May 1, 1902

Battleship — New Jersey. 15,000 tons.
Torpedo Boat Destroyer — Lawrence.
Battleship — Rhode Island. 15,000 tons.
Torpedo Boat Destroyer — Macdonough.
Cruiser — Des Moines.
Seven-Masted Steel Schooner (11,000 tons displacement). (The largest sailing vessel in the world.)
Forgings for Steamships now being built in other yards.
Steel Bridge, 800 feet long, over Weymouth Fore River.
Seventy-five Sets Forgings for rapid fire guns.
Miscellaneous Structural Work.
Steel Car Floats (unsinkable) for N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Co.

The above, with other work in hand, will bring the total amount of contracts up to over $9,007,000.

In addition to the above contracts in hand, the Company has tenders under consideration for additional work aggregating several million dollars.

Upon application to the Boston office of the Company, a copy of the Charter of the Company, and an illustrated description of the plant will be sent by mail. Reference is made by permission to several banks and trust companies. Copies of reports made on the property by several eminent engineers and naval experts may be seen on application.

Subscriptions may be made by letter directed to the Fore River Ship and Engine Co., 155 Federal Street, Boston, Mass., or Federal Trust Co., Boston. Remittances may be made by check, registered letter or money order, payable either to Fore River Ship and Engine Co., or Federal Trust Co., Boston, Mass.

Since the first offering of this stock for public subscription more than half has already been subscribed for. We advise prompt action on the part of any one desiring to subscribe for any of the remaining shares.

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Founded A^c D^l 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.

VOLUME 174 — PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 14, 1902 — NUMBER 50

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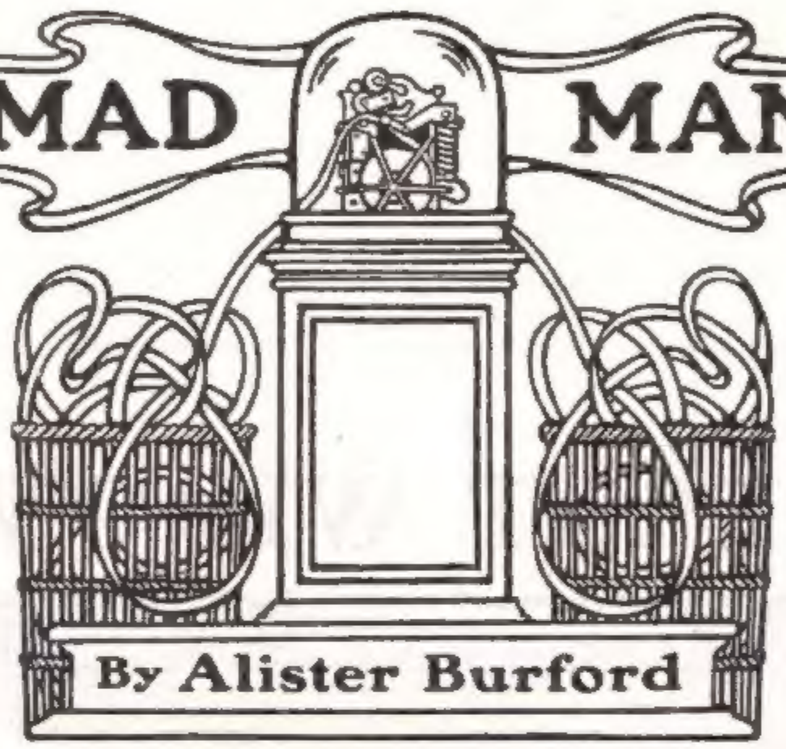
MONEY-MAD MANHATTAN



By Alister Burford

MONEY MAD, a drama," has the boards these days in the Metropolis. The stage is the Island of Manhattan. In the great office buildings, in the glittering cafés, in the gorgeous restaurants, in the luxurious hotels, in the palace of the millionaire, in the apartment of the clerk, in the tenement of the laborer, in the theatre, in the concert hall, the play is going on, morning, noon and night. There is much of the tragic, but also much of the gay and dazzling. Women in beautiful gowns, men in evening dress; perfect dinners, wines of the most exquisite bouquet, music, flowers, dancing, wit and revelry are there.

Credit Easy and Spendthrifts Many

Men, women, aye, and children, talk money, eat money, live money; they dream of it by night and strive for it by day. You can't go anywhere without hearing a discussion as to ways and means for making more. In the elevated cars, in the surface cars, in the ferryboats, in the lobbies, your ears are assailed with bits of conversation all bearing on the "Great Problem" which has come to control things. Gossip on ordinary subjects has almost entirely ceased. It is all about Brown's coup in this property, Smith's in that; how Jones made ten or a hundred or a thousand or a million by "getting next to a good thing," and how you must manage somehow to do likewise. Business is free and open. Credit is easy whether it is for a pair of shoes or a house and lot. You may live any way you please provided you have the nerve, and you may trust to the future to "make good."

The other day one of the most pretentious, though by no means one of the largest, of our family hotels changed hands. I noticed that the former owner, though he had sold out his business, still maintained an office in the hotel, and after three or four weeks I asked him why.

"To collect my accounts," he said. "I have about thirty-five thousand dollars due me from the guests in the house, and before leaving I want to close these accounts up or such of them as it is possible to get."

Further inquiry developed the fact that about half the families in the place had a "running account," paying when they could, and running merrily on credit when they couldn't. One man, occupying an expensive suite of apartments, had not paid a dollar for a year, but the landlord was not at all worried about getting his money finally. The man is a promoter, of whom thousands have sprung up in New York, and almost any day he expected to do a stroke that would net him anywhere from ten to a hundred thousand dollars. He had done this several times before, and while he had waited for his ship to come in he had never had any trouble in getting credit with the house.

The Get-Rich-Quick People

The very shop girls have got the fever, and that this is thoroughly appreciated is shown by the advertising columns of the penny papers that cater to them. These sheets fairly teem with alluring get-rich-quick schemes, worked on a basis that makes them open to the lowliest capitalist. Entire pages are devoted to advertisements of oil shares which may be purchased anywhere from five cents to a dollar a share, and the assurance is given that their value will be doubled in a fortnight and increased a hundredfold within six months. Almost any one may become a Rockefeller, according to the clever gentlemen who get up these prospectuses, and that they are convincing even though they may not be truthful is shown by the great sums of money that come in response to these announcements. When it pays to use a half-page in the newspapers, costing anywhere from two hundred to four hundred dollars, to exploit the merits of an oil company whose shares are offered at five or ten cents each, the returns in point of number must be enormous. In a single mail, one of the firms that is engaged in exploiting oil stock received seven thousand letters, inclosing sums ranging all the way from twenty-five cents to fifty dollars.

Nor is oil the only thing that is offered ambitious speculators at a price that enables any one to purchase. Railroads (on paper, of course), manufacturing enterprises, ranches, town lots, farms, new machines that are to revolutionize industry, all may be subscribed for at these bargain prices.

The Government long ago stopped lottery advertisements, but these lottery-like enterprises are permitted to go on unchecked, and, thanks to the money craze that is on the community, they are enormously profitable. Now and then some of them get into trouble and the promoters go to jail, but this is only in exceptional cases.

These newer kinds of enterprise, in addition to emptying the pockets of the New York shop girl and her male relatives in this vicinity, also bring a vast flood of money from out of town, from the farming districts and the small towns. All of this goes to swell the fund that is circulating here and to stimulate all hands to get a share of it.

The Speculation Fever Among the Poor

The money craze in New York set in a few years ago, when the newspapers first began to print stories of the fortunes that were being made by the operators who were promoting consolidations. These stories of millions made with such apparent ease inflamed the minds of all but the very solid and conservative. Everybody got tired of making money by the slow, ordinary process of work, and looked around for an "opening," where if you took a chance you might "rake off a good thing." The continued and growing prosperity of the country, based on the enormous industrial boom, intensified this speculative spirit.

The result was that large paper profits were made on all sides, and then a further impetus was given the desire for money by the lavish expenditures made by the successful speculators, according to their means. The shop girl, when she received her weekly dividend out of the "500 per cent. syndicate," hastened straightway to invest it in a new dress and bonnet. The little shopkeeper purchased for his family luxuries to which hitherto they had been unused. The clerk forsook the coffee and cake lunch-room for the swell restaurant. And so on up. A temporary check came last year when the Northern Pacific panic paralyzed things in Wall Street, but it was only a temporary check. Soon things were swinging along again as usual. People had become accustomed to spending money and declined to break off the habit. Instead, their tastes increased with what they fed on, until to-day no one here is content with his income. Every one wants to make more. No one is particularly concerned about saving. The desire to make more money is not that it may be put away, but that there may be more to spend.

Nor is this situation wholly bad. It stimulates endeavor enormously—endeavor along legitimate lines as well as speculative. In order that they may live up to their new lights, people are quite content to work harder than they ever did before. No one grumbles at overtime as was once the way, for overtime means more money, and more money means better things to eat and wear, a better place to live, and more amusements to fill in the hours that may be left after work is done. And with all the feverish work and bustle the New Yorkers find time for recreation. They make up for the fewer hours they have to devote to it by crowding those hours to the limit. They are constantly looking for new sensations, and they find plenty to keep them amused. Theatres are springing up everywhere. To-day New York has twice as many theatres in proportion to her population as any other place on the globe. Altogether there are sixty-two playhouses, most of which are devoted to high-class performances. In addition, there are hundreds of concert halls and similar resorts, and nightly there are special entertainments by the score.

Every restaurant of any account does a thriving business. It is estimated that a hundred thousand people are fed every night after the theatres.

Every Restaurant a Mint for Its Owner

To keep all this going involves, of course, an enormous strain, but the New Yorker has the habit and somehow manages. Prices seem to be absolutely no object to him. A striking illustration of this is to be found in the restaurants. Within two years nearly every first-class place in the city has raised its prices from fifty to a hundred per cent., and the only effect this seems to have had is an increased patronage.

"What's a dollar more or less when you are getting dinner?" a man about town said to me when I called his attention to this fact in connection with a move recently made by one of the best known restaurateurs. For years the establishment presided over by this person had done a thriving business in a downtown location. The place made a specialty of an excellent table d'hôte dinner served for a dollar. This price was raised to a dollar and a quarter and then to a dollar and a half, which was considered the limit. Within the past six months the proprietor took Delmonico's old place at Twenty-sixth Street and Broadway and fitted it up in the most gorgeous fashion. Here, it was announced, a dinner would be served for two dollars. People who didn't know prophesied that the increase in price would drive away most of the old trade. Instead, on the opening night, men and women fairly fought for the tables, and ever since the crush has continued. Hundreds of people may be seen in this place standing or sitting about, waiting for accommodations, and in order to secure a table when you arrive it must be reserved and paid for in advance. It is estimated that with every meal served at least three dollars' worth of wine is consumed, and as eight hundred people dine there on an average, every evening, it will be seen that in this one place four thousand dollars is taken in during the dinner hour alone.

It is the habit of living at this rate that has driven the New Yorkers "money mad," and the way they labor to meet these conditions would astound the average farmer who thinks that from sunup to sundown is a hard stunt.

Four Hard Workers and High Livers

Not long since a party of six, four men and two women, were at dinner together. When the waiter brought the check it amounted to $38.40. Not one of the men was rich; not one if he had settled up his affairs then and there would have had $10,000 to show as a balance, though they were all in the neighborhood of forty. Yet none of them deemed this dinner a particular extravagance. Over the cigars the conversation turned to the day's work and to-morrow's prospects. One of the men was a lawyer, another a physician, the third a real estate man, and the fourth a veterinary surgeon.

The veterinarian said that he had been afoot that day since five o'clock in the morning. "I have got a stable of horses belonging to one of the big brewing concerns on Staten Island, and under my contract I have got to look them over before seven every morning. That makes it necessary that I catch the 5:50 boat from Whitehall Street. Then I have to hustle over to Jersey City, where I have an express company's stable that requires daily inspection. My next work is away up in Morrisania." And so he went on and described his day, every moment of which, from five in the morning until after six at night, was occupied. In addition, he was interested in several business enterprises and had constantly to make allowance for extra calls. Frequently he had to work in the evening. As a result of this he had an income of

$20,000 a year in round figures, which he and his wife between them managed to spend, so that he could not afford to check the pace for a moment.

The real estate man also had an income that in any other place would have enabled him not alone to live handsomely, but to lay by a comfortable sum. As it was, it was all he could do to meet his current expenses. He had been at work since eight o'clock in the morning, after working until nearly midnight the day before "trying to put through a deal."

The physician had a practice that netted him about $15,000 a year, and besides he was interested in various enterprises that took up four afternoons a week. What the lawyer's income was did not develop, but every one at the table knew that he had a very lucrative practice and that he worked like a wheel-horse.

Every man in the party was speculating in one form or another, feeling the necessity of making a "strike," and also sure that sooner or later he would succeed. It developed that not one of the men slept on an average more than five hours a night. All of them confessed that this was not enough, and they expressed the fear that the pace was sapping their vitality. But it didn't even occur to them to cut out part of their work, for this would mean cutting out part of their income. On the contrary, they were looking for more work, and were perfectly willing to shoulder it, providing more money would be gained.

A Rapid Pace that Does Not Kill

I take these men, who are neither at the top nor the bottom of the heap in New York, as fair examples of the madness that has seized the people. There are thousands, probably hundreds of thousands, like them, and many who work even harder and who keep up on stimulants and on the peculiar nervous energy that comes of money madness. Naturally one would expect that under this incessant straining men would go to pieces. But strangely enough, this does not seem to be the case. The medical records of the city show fewer breakdowns than we had here, in proportion to the population, when people lived more rationally. Various reasons are advanced for this paradoxical condition. It is asserted that, with all their striving and all their strenuousness and all their battling for dollars, the people who are in the thick of it spend more time to-day in the open than did their ancestors, that they have better constitutions, and that on the whole people live far better than they did ten years or even five years ago. They consume an enormous amount of mental and nervous tissue, but they keep the furnace fires of the body fed with a higher grade of nourishing fuel and plenty of it. Then, too, the vacation habit has settled down so firmly that even the busiest and hardest driven among the money seekers manages in the summer time to get away for at least a short rest.

It would strike the observer who came here for the first time that even a long vacation could not make up for the rate at which the great mass of people are living, and that the insane asylums must be getting an endless chain of recruits from Gotham. As a matter of fact, this city sends fewer people to the asylums in proportion to its population than do the country districts.

The doctors explain this by saying that there is nothing really to fear in this unnatural striving, and that on the whole the "money madness" has more advantages than disadvantages, as it constantly tends to a higher plane of material living; a fact in which rich and poor alike share.

"Mighty few people have ever worked themselves to death; plenty have died from lack of proper care and nourishment," one philosophic doctor told me. "Ambition is a better tonic than all the medicines. That is what has made the American race the finest in the world—ambition, money madness."

THE STEADFAST WIDOW DELANEY

The Story of the Million-Dollar Strike at the Maggie Mine

By Hamlin Garland

"THERE'S gold in the Sierra Blanca country—everybody admits it," Sherman F. Bidwell was saying as the Widow Delaney, who kept the Palace Home Cooking Restaurant in the town of Delaney (named after her husband, old Dan Delaney), came into the dining-room. Mrs. Delaney paused with a plate of steaming potatoes and her face was a mask of scorn as she addressed the group, but her words were aimed especially at Bidwell, who had just come in from the lower country to resume his prospecting up the gulch.

"It's aisy sayin' gould is in thim hills, but when ye find it rainbows will be fishin'-rods." As she passed the potatoes over Bidwell's head she went on: "Didn't Dan Delaney break his blessed neck a-climbin' the high places up the creek—to no purpis includin' that same accident? You min may talk and talk, but talk don't pay for petaties and bacon, mind that. For eight years I've been here and I'm worse off to-day than iver before—an' the town, phwat is it? Two saloons and a boardin'-house—and not a ton of ore dug—much less shipped out. Y'r large words dig no dirt, I'm thinkin', Sherm Bidwell."

Bidwell was a mild-spoken man who walked a little sidewise, with eyes always on the ground as though ceaselessly searching for pieces of float. He replied to his landlady with some spirit: "I've chashayed around these mountains ever since I got back from Californey in fifty-four and I know good rocks. I can't just lay my pick on the vein, but I'm due to find it soon, for I'm a-gettin' old. Why, consider the float, it's everywhere—and you know there's colors in every sand-bar? There's got to be a ledge somewhere close by."

The widow snorted. "Hah! Yiss, flo-at! Me windy-sills is burthened with dirty float—but where's the gould?"

"I'll find it, Mrs. Delaney—but you must be patient," he mildly replied.

"Pashint! Me, pashint! Sure Job was a complainin' mill-wheel beside me, Sherm Bidwell. Me boarders have shrunk to five and you're one o' the five—and here you are after another grub-stake to go picnicking into the mountains wid. I know your smooth tongue—sure I do, but ye're up agninst me determination this toime, me prince. Ye don't get a pound o' meat nor a measure o' flour from Maggie Delaney——"

Bidwell sat with an air of resigned Christian fortitude while the widow delivered herself. To tell the truth, he had listened to these precise words before—and resented them only because spoken publicly. The other boarders finished their supper in silence and went out, but Bidwell lingered to wheedle the mistress while she ate her own fill at the splotched and littered table. The kerosene lamp stood close to her plate and brought out the glow of her cheek and deepened the blue of her eyes into violet. She was still on the right side of forty and well cared for.

Bidwell shot a shy glance at her. "I like to make you mad, Maggie, darlin'; it makes you as purty as a girl."

She caught up a loaf of bread and heaved it at him. He caught it deftly and inquired guilelessly: "Is this the first of my grub-stake, lassie?"

"It is *not!* It is the last crumb ye'll have of me. Out wid ye! Grub-stake indade! You go out this night!"

Bidwell rose in pretended fright and shuffled to the door. "I don't need much—a couple o' sacks o' flour——"

Bang!

"Take that!"

He slammed the door just in time to prevent a cup from flying straight into his smiling eyes. After a moment of silent laughter and with a wink at the men in the "office" he reopened the door and said:

"Ye're a warm-hearted, handsome girl, Maggie. Two strips o' bacon——" A muffled cry and a crash caused him to dodge and again withdraw.

As he came back to the middle of the room and began to fill his pipe one of the younger men said:

"You'll get that grub-stake over the left; the widow is dangerous to-night."

"What do you think o' this?" he inquired, handing a piece of rock to the speaker.

The other examined it eagerly, and broke out:

"Jee—whoop! Why, say! that's jest rotten with gold. Where'd you find it?"

"Out in the hills," was Bidwell's placid reply; "a new place."

The third man took the rock and said: "That vein has got to be low down—that can't come from high up. We're on the wrong trail. Think o' Cripple Creek—mine's right under the grass on the hills."

"But we know the veins are high—we've seen 'em," argued the other men.

"Yes—but they're different veins. This rock is lower down."

"What do you think, Sherm?"

"Oh, I'm still a-climbin'," he replied and moved away with his piece of ore.

"The old man's mighty fly this evenin'—I wonder if he really has trailed that float to a standstill."

Bidwell went out on the edge of the ravine and for a long time sat listening to the roar of the swift stream and looking up at the peaks which were still covered with heavy yellow snow, stained with the impalpable dust which the winter winds had rasped from the exposed ledges of rock. It was chill in the cañon and the old man shivered with cold as well as with a sense of discouragement. For twenty years he had regularly gone down into the valleys in winter to earn money with which to prospect in summer—all to no purpose. For years Margaret Delaney had been his very present help in time of trouble, and now she had broken with him, and under his mask of smiling incredulity he carried a profoundly disturbed conscience. His benefactress was in deadly earnest—she meant every word she said—that he felt—and unless she relented he was lost, for he had returned from the valley this time without a dollar to call his own. He had a big strong mule and some blankets and a saddle—nothing further.

The wind grew stronger and keener, roaring down the cañon with the breath of the upper snows, and the old man's blood cried out for shelter. June stands close to winter in the high ranges of the Crestones and at last he resolved on seeking other shelter.

He rose stiffly and returned to the little sitting-room where he found the widow standing in the middle of the floor, in the midst of an argument to prove they were all fools together for hangin' to the side of a mountain that had no more gould in it than a flatiron or a loomp o' coal—sure thing!

"What you goin' to do about our assays?" asked young Johnson.

"Assays, is it? Annybody can have assays that will pay the price; ye're all lazy dogs in the manger—that's phwat ye air. Ye assay and want somebody else to pay ye fer the privilege of workin'. Why don't ye work yersilves—ye loots? Sit around here expectin' some wan ilse to shovel gould into

Editor's Note—This is the first installment of a three-part story. It will be continued next week.

yer hat. Ye'll pay me ye're board—mnind that," she ended, making a personal application of her theories; "ivery wan o' ye."

If any lingering resolution remained in Bidwell's heart it melted away as he listened to Mrs. Delaney's throaty voice and plain, blunt words. Opening the door timidly he walked in and without looking at the angry woman seized upon his bundles which lay behind the door.

The widow's voice rang out: "Where ye gaw-un wid thim bags?"

Bidwell straightened. "They're my bundles, I reckon. Can't a man do as he likes with his own?"

"Not whin he's owin' fer board—put thim boondles down!"

The culprit sighed and sat down on the bundles. Even young Johnson lost his desire to laugh, for Bidwell looked pathetically old and discouraged at the moment, as he mildly asked:

"You wouldn't send a man out in the night without his blankets, would you?"

"I'd send a sneak to purgatory—if I cud. Ye thought ye'd ooze out, did ye? Nice speciment yees!"

Bidwell was roused. "If I had planned to sneak I wouldn't 'a' come into the room with you a-standin' in the middle of the floor," he replied with some firmness. "You ordered me out, didn't you? I can't pay you—you knew that when you told me to go. I owe you a good deal—I admit that, but I'm going to pay it. But I must have a little time."

The other men, with a grateful sense of delicacy, got up and went out, leaving Bidwell to justify himself in the eyes of the angry woman.

As the door slammed behind the last man the widow walked over and gave Bidwell a cuff. "Get *off* thim boondles. Gaw set on a chair like a man, an' not squat there like a baboon." She pitched his bundles through an open door into a small bedroom. "You know where your bed is, you old sardine! I do'-know phwat Dan Delaney wud say to me, housin' and feedin' the likes o' ye—but I'll do it wan more summer—and then you gaw flyin'—ye hear that now!"

And she threw the door back on its hinges so sharply that a knob was broken.

Bidwell closed the door gently and went to his bed, dazed with this sudden change. "She's come round before—and surprised me," he thought, "but never so durn sudden as this. I hope she ain't sick or anything."

Next morning at breakfast Maggie was all smiles. The storm of the evening before had given place to brilliant sunshine. She ignored all winks and nudgings among her boarders, and did not scruple to point out to Bidwell the choicest biscuit on the plate, and to hand him the fattest slice of bacon, all of which he accepted without elation.

"Old Sherm must be one o' these hypnotical chaps," said Johnson as they were lighting their pipes in the sitting-room. "He's converted the widow again."

"Say, men! Wasn't that a sudden change? He's goin' to get his flour and bacon all right!"

"You bet he is, and anything else he wants. Beats me what she finds in that old side-winder, anyhow."

Bidwell was deeply touched and would have put his feelings into the best terms he was familiar with, but the widow stopped him.

"The best way to thank me is to hustle out and trail up that flo-at. If it's there—find it. If it's not there, then give o'er the search—for ye're a gray man, Sherm Bidwell, and I'm not the woman I was eight years ago."

In the exaltation of the moment Bidwell rose and his shoulders were squared as he said: "I'm a-goin', Maggie. If I find it I'll come back and marry you. If I don't—I'll lay my useless old bones in the hills."

"Ah—go 'long! Don't be a crazy man!" she said, but her face flushed with pleasure at the sincerity of his tone. "Ye've made such promises ivery time before."

"I know I have, but I mean it now."

"Aho! ye didn't mean it before! Is that phwat ye're sayin'?"

His proud pose collapsed. "You know what I mean—only you're such a tormentin' little divil."

"Thank ye for the compliment, Mr. Bidwell."

Bidwell turned. "I'm going after old Nebuchadnezzar—I can't waste time on fool women."

An hour later, with his mule packed with food and blankets and tools, he moved off up the trail. The other men stood to watch him go, consumed with curiosity—yet withholding all question.

CHAPTER II

THREE days later he crept stealthily down the trail, leading his mule as silently as possible. He timed his arrival so that Mrs. Delaney would be in the kitchen with the Chinaman getting the dishes ready for breakfast.

"Who is ut?" called the widow as he knocked softly.

"Me—Sherm," he replied.

"Saints in hevin! Have you found it?" she gasped as she flung the door open.

"Sh! Don't speak so loud," he commanded. "Sit down; I want to speak solemn-like about this. I hain't found it yet—but I want to tell ye—I believe it's right near here! Send the 'chink' away."

Something in his tone stopped all scornful words upon her lips. Ordering the Chinaman to bed she turned and asked: "Phwat do ye mean? Spake, man!"

"Well, sir, as I started up the trail something kept sayin' to me, 'Sherman, you're on the wrong track.' It was just as if you pulled my sleeve and nudged me and said, '*This* way!' I couldn't sleep that night. I just lay on the ground and figured. Up there high—terrible high—are seams of ore—I know that, but they're in granite and hard to get at. That's one gold belt—there's money in a mine up there, but it will take money to get it. Then there's another gold belt down about here—or even lower—and I've just come to the conclusion that our mine, Maggie, is down here at the foot of old Blanca, not on top."

The air of mystery which enveloped and transformed the man had its effect on the woman. Her eyes opened wide.

"Was it a voice-like?"

"No, it was more like a pull. Seemed to be pulling me to cross the creek where I found that chunk of porph'ritic limestone. I couldn't sleep the second night—and I've been in camp up there in Burro Park trying to figure it all out. I hated to give up and come back—I was afraid ye'd think I was weakening, but I can't help it. Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do—I'm going to make a camp over on the north side of the creek. I don't want the boys to know where I've gone, but I wanted you to know what I'm doing—I wanted you to know—it's plum ghostly—it scared me."

She whispered: "*Mebbe it's Dan.*"

"I thought o' that. Him and me were always good friends and he was in my mind all the while."

"But howld on, Sherm; it may be the divil leadin' ye on to break ye're neck as did Dan. 'Twas over there he fell."

"Well, I thought o' that, too. It's either Dan or the devil, and I'm going to find out which."

"The saints go wid ye!" said the widow, all her superstitious fears aroused.

CHAPTER III

SIERRA BLANCA is the prodigious triple-turreted tower which stands at the southern elbow of the Sangre de Cristo range. It is a massive but symmetrical mountain, with three peaks so nearly of the same altitude that the central dome seems the lowest of them all, though it is actually fourteen thousand four hundred and eighty feet above the sea. On the west and south this great mass rises from the flat, dry floor of the San Luis Valley in sweeping, curving lines, and the piñons cover these lower slopes like a robe of bronze green.

At eight thousand feet above the sea these suave lines become broken. The piñons give place to pine and fir, and the sombre cañons begin to yawn. It was just here, where the grassy hills began to break into savage walls, that Bidwell made his camp beside a small stream which fell away into Bear Creek to the south. From his camp he could look far out on the violet and gold of the valley, and see the railway trains pass like swift and monstrous dragons. He could dimly see the lights of Las Animas also, and this led him to conceal his own camp-fire.

Each day he rode forth, skirting the cliffs, examining every bit of rock which showed the slightest mineral stain. Scarcely a moment of the daylight was wasted in this search. His mysterious guide no longer touched him, and this he took to be a favorable omen. "I'm near it," he said.

One day he hitched his mule to a small dead pine at the foot of a steep cliff and was climbing to the summit when a stone, dislodged by his feet, fell, bounced, thumped the mule in the side and so scared the animal that he pulled up the tree and ran away. Angry and dispirited, for he was hungry and tired, Bidwell clambered down and began to trail the mule toward camp. The tree soon clogged the runaway and brought him to a stand in a thicket of willows.

As Bidwell knelt to untie the rope his keen eyes detected the glitter of gold in the dirt which still clung to the moist root of the pine. With a sudden conviction of having unearthed his fortune, the miner sprang to his saddle and hurried back to the spot whence the tree had been rived. It was dusk by the time he reached the spot, but he could detect gold in the friable rock which lined the cavity left by the uprooted sapling. With a mind too excited to sleep he determined to stay with his find till morning. To leave it involved no real risk of losing it—but he could not bring himself to even build a camp-fire for fear some one might be drawn from the darkness to dispute his claim.

It was a terribly long night, and when old Blanca's southern peak began to gleam out of the purple receding waves of the night the man's brain was numb with speculation and suspense. Hovering over the little heap of broken rock which he had scooped out with his hands he waited in almost frenzied impatience for the sun.

He could tell by the feeling that the ore was what miners of his grade call "rotten quartz," and he knew that it often held free gold in enormous richness. It was so friable he could crumble it in his hands and so yellow with iron stains that it looked like lumps of clay as the dawn light came. A stranger happening upon him would have feared for his reason. His face was deadly pale and his eyes bloodshot and wild.

At last he could again detect the gleam of gold. Each moment as the light grew the value of the ore increased. It was literally meshed with bright free gold. The whole mound was made up of a disintegrated ledge of porphyry and thousands of dollars were in sight. As his mind grasped these facts the old man rose and danced—*but he did not shout!*

All that day he worked swiftly, silently, like an animal seeking to escape an enemy; digging out this rock and carrying it to a place of concealment in a deep thicket not far away. He did not stop to eat or drink

(*Continued on Page 15*)

"I'D SEND A SNEAK TO PURGATORY—IF I CUD"

BILLY LORIMER—THE SERENE BOSS

A Character Study in Contemporary Politics

By Forrest Crissey

MR. WM. LORIMER

WHILE New York's "Easy Boss" is gradually subsiding into the Senate's Amen Corner, Illinois is growing a greater and an easier boss than Tom Platt.

His name is William Lorimer, but the Chicago newspapers give him the alliterative alias of the "Big Blond Boss." But in all the bright lexicon of bossism there is but one name for Billy Lorimer: he is the Serene Boss! and this title will stick!

Serenity looks out from his frank blue eyes; it sits upon his fair brow and pink cheeks; it rests like an aureola upon his golden hair; it shows in every posture of his reposeful body; it speaks in the soft inflection of his quiet voice. But it is not the serenity of cold calculation, of the unhuman and austere face of the traditional master of men. There is warmth, sunshine, a positive quality of attraction in the serenity of this fiercely assailed man who dominates the Republican politics of a great State.

What manner of man is this who, without a day's schooling, has reached, at the age of forty-one years, a dominance in his party which marks him as a national character, a distinct type of American political success, and a leader who thrives under poundings of press and execrations of reformers?

Lorimer's Sunday-School Appointment

Billy Lorimer began his career as a boss in a Sunday-school. There he received his first appointment and there showed the germ of genius for organization and control. Down on State Street a young woman taught a Sunday-school class in the railroad mission. She was very young and very eager to uplift the world. But the stolidity with which the pupils withstood the impact of her fresh young energy finally disheartened her. While inclined to give up her class it received a recruit—a boy almost as old as herself but far less mature. His golden hair was combed with scrupulous neatness, his cheeks were clean and pink as apple blooms, and his blue eyes looked into her own with startling directness and intelligence.

"WHY!" EXCLAIMED SPEAKER REED: "THAT WOULD BE ANARCHY"

In a crucial moment, when the assembled youngsters were prodding each other with pins, the young woman put the stuff of her new boy to the test.

"William," she exclaimed, "I'm going to appoint you Collector of Pins."

This was Billy Lorimer's first appointment. He at once made himself master of the situation and forced the reluctant youngsters to give up their secreted pins. This was done with the same quiet compulsion that he has since used in wringing solid delegations from wards which his allies have considered hopeless. Later, the lad shyly confessed that he wished to learn something of reading, writing and arithmetic.

"Come to my house and we'll have a little class," replied the teacher. For eighteen months the boy with the clean, fair face was always there, rain or shine, ready for recitation.

Finally the lad confided to his teacher a new ambition. He aspired to become the driver of a horse car! He was sure he could do the work; the pay was better than he then received, and the growing needs of the family demanded that his earnings be increased.

"But wouldn't you rather be a conductor than a driver?" she asked.

"Of course," he answered, "but you see, conductors have to give a big bond, and I can't do that."

An appeal was made by the teacher to her uncle, a man of influence and property, and he secured the desired position for the boy and became his bondsman.

How the School Teacher Was Rewarded

After his machine had grown to the size of the entire city, the Pin Collector of the Sunday-school heard that his old teacher had returned to Chicago. He hastened to call upon her and found that she had married a young lawyer whom temporary reverses had forced out of his chosen profession into newspaper work.

"Does he want to get back into the law?" inquired the city boss.

"Yes," she answered. "He is only waiting for a chance that will give him a footing, an opportunity safely to make the change."

The ways of the teacher and the former pupil again separated, and the newspaper man plodded along at his desk. A year later the machine elected a Prosecuting Attorney for Cook County. Hundreds of applicants—more than a thousand—clamored for the appointment of assistant in the new office. Again the boss called upon his former teacher.

"Does your husband still want to get back into the law?" he asked.

"Yes; he is more anxious than ever to do so," she replied.

"Well," returned the Serene Boss, "when you told me a year ago that he was looking for an opening in the law I said to myself that if the organization ever got hold of the State's Attorney's office he'd be the first man appointed as assistant. The place is his."

But the story does not end here. Time and again the uncle of Mr. Lorimer's teacher has been given a place on the county ticket. He could not deliver a single delegate in a convention and his contributions to the campaign fund if tossed on the head of a Salvation Army drum would not have brought out a special hallelujah. The Serene Boss has not forgotten the man who signed his first bond; he has paid that debt a hundredfold. And he has also taken good care of the man who drove the street car, "because," as Mr. Lorimer explains, "he introduced me to the young woman who became my wife."

The Serene Boss did his first politics in his mother's kitchen and ever since he has been partial to the home brand rather than the saloon brand of politics. And why not? He does not drink liquor even moderately, does not use tobacco in any form, keeps his speech clean of profanity and is the devoted father of eight children.

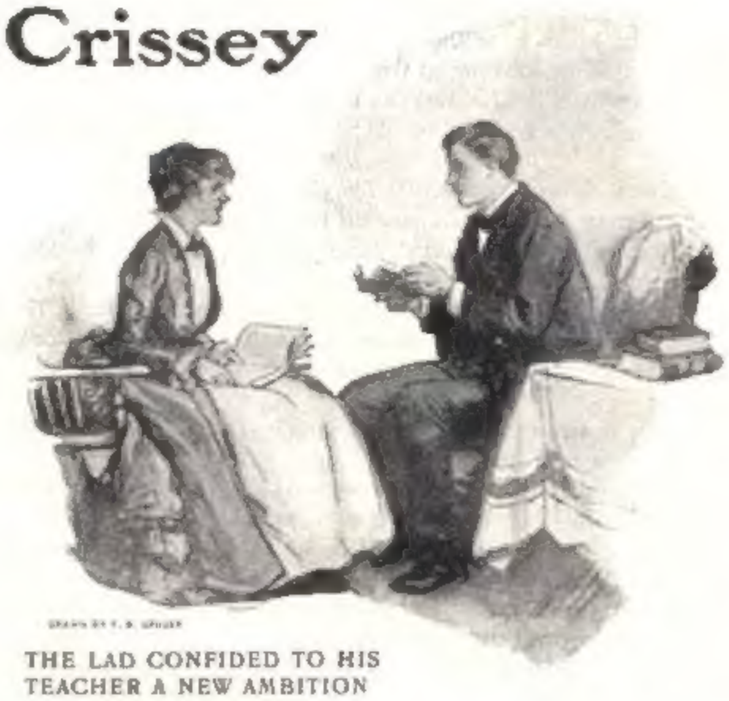
Because it gives the keynote to his career, the story of Lorimer's kitchen politics cannot be left untold. In the Blaine campaign of '84 the young street-car conductor became an ardent partisan of the Plumed Knight. He talked Blaine on his car, at the barns and wherever he could find a possible convert. On the day of election he was at the polls early but could not find a Republican ticket peddler. Then he walked to the nearest polling place and there secured two Republican tickets. Returning he met two other Republicans, workingmen who were obliged to put in their ballots at once or lose their votes, and he gave them the tickets.

"If this thing is going on all over the city we'll lose thousands of Republican votes," ruminated the young conductor. Then he pondered the situation carefully, and on his "runs" he worked out a scheme of precinct and ward clubs which he felt sure would get out the full party vote. In his enthusiasm he wrote a letter detailing his organization plan and sent it to General John A. Logan. His pride but not his confidence was wounded by a failure to receive a reply. However, before the opening of the next local campaign he invited thirteen of his neighbors to meet in his mother's kitchen. There they formed the Young Men's Sixth Ward Republican Club and planned the formation of a club in each precinct, every member of a precinct club to be a member of the ward organization. At once the future boss found himself in control of the ward machinery; he secured a position on the County Central Committee and put the man of his choice at the head of the county ticket.

His first dash into politics was in 1888, when he helped to make Joseph Fifer Governor of Illinois. In the same year he found time to make his first important business deal—the subdivision of certain acre property into building lots. The venture succeeded and gave him the start of his present fortune.

Then, in 1894, came a test of his powers to command the votes of the people rather than to control primaries and conventions. He was in a hearty Democratic district but marked himself for sacrifice on the party altar by taking the Republican nomination for Congress.

HELD IT UP TO THE GAZE OF THE CONVENTION



THE LAD CONFIDED TO HIS TEACHER A NEW AMBITION

At once he began a kitchen campaign. Night after night found him holding neighborhood parties in the humbler homes of his district. Coffee and sandwiches were served. He left the saloon work and the hall talking to lieutenants who thought those places the only ones for "doing real politics."

As a result of the kitchen campaign the Serene Boss carried a strong Democratic district by 4000 plurality. Lorimer Democrats multiplied and he was returned to Congress for two more terms. Anti-machine Republicans clamored that he not only dictated the politics of his own party but also controlled the Democratic Congressional nomination in his district, and that he was able to get out more Republican votes at a primary than the party had in the district. If he did pick the Democratic nominee he made a mistake in 1900, for a young lawyer without particular legal or political standing carried the district and left the Serene Boss at home with the children and the machine. Now, however, the district has been changed and the Blond Statesman will almost certainly return to the National House of Representatives, having received the nomination of his party.

His record in Congress is summed up in a single phrase: he has been a "good getter" for his people. He was strong on appropriations. When plans for a new Chicago post-office building seemed hopelessly blocked he raised the blockade. He landed a $700,000 appropriation for the improvement of the Chicago River and $250,000 for the Government inspection of export meats shipped from the Chicago stockyards. And the list of his appointees to Federal jobs led all the rest.

Lorimer's Tilt With Tom Reed

But occasionally he insisted on doing a little plain statesmanship on his own hook. His views on broad public questions commanded the respect of his colleagues, and often he took positions in strong opposition to his party and to its national leaders and his own constituents. Recently a prominent editor and newspaper proprietor who is a deep student of political and economic problems said to me: "No man in public life to-day sees more clearly and deeply into the great public questions of the day than your Blond Boss of Illinois. Mr. Dana said of Horace Greeley that if two equally plausible propositions were presented to him he seldom failed to side with the one which finally proved to be wrong. Precisely the reverse is true regarding Mr. Lorimer. He is a politician and a boss, but he is also a statesman. It is this side of his nature which attracts me to him."

In at least one instance the Serene Boss took a hand in history-making on a large scale. Immediately following the explosion of the Maine, Mr. Lorimer became convinced that the Administration had determined upon a policy of "peace at any price." This he believed fatal to the interests of his country, and he at once organized a powerful group of Republican Congressmen which became known as the "Insurgent Band." Then he had a conference with Speaker Reed. When the "Czar" brought matters to the point of "What are you going to do about it?" he was astonished to hear the calm reply:

"We're going to appeal from the decision of the Chair and pass an Immediate Intervention resolution over your head."

"Why!" exclaimed Speaker Reed; "that would be anarchy."

"Then we're going to have a little of it right now," responded the Blond Statesman, "and we've got the votes, too."

That interview settled the question of Cuban Intervention, put the "Insurgents" in control of the Republican party in Congress and brought the Administration to a realization of the real sentiment of the country. Had not Mr. Lorimer taken so prompt and determined a stand, it is possible that the war with Spain and the liberation of Cuba would not be a part of our national history.

It is, however, as a "stayer" that Mr. Lorimer feels his chief pride. His only boast is that he has never broken a political pledge, never gone back on a promise, never betrayed a friend under any exigency of slatemaking.

"A man's word," he declares, "is his whole capital in politics. If I give my word to a man that he shall have a certain office, I would rather go down in defeat than break it. And I've done that, too. If I hadn't it's likely I'd not be in politics to-day. Business is a matter of contracts, bonds and securities; but a promise is all a man in politics can give, and if he fails to make his word good he sacrifices the only capital on which he can trade. There is nothing left for him to do business on when this is discounted."

The men who know the Serene Boss have but one opinion of him: "Lorimer's on the square," they say; "he never boodled in his life, and there isn't a crooked hair in his head."

In the State Convention which nominated Governor Yates Mr. Lorimer gave as striking an exhibition of political loyalty as ever occurred in American politics. Two or three of the strongest wheel-horses of the Lorimer machine had rebelled and had come to the convention with hostile delegations. Vote after vote was taken. The Serene Boss saw that it was a fight for his political existence; that if he would at once throw over his candidate he could save his prestige and power and keep his grip on the State patronage. But he never wavered; there was not a shadow of turning in his attitude; he continued to vote his delegates for Judge Hanecy, until the object of his loyalty asked:

"What are you going to do, Billy?"

"Going down with you, Judge," was the laconic response.

"No; don't do that," was the instant response. "Take up some one else and save yourselves."

Instantly the Serene Boss dashed over to the Yates delegation, seized their banner and held it up to the gaze of the convention, his cheeks flushed with excitement and his eyes blazing. Pandemonium reigned. Never before had the Serene Boss been known to "go off his feet." That instant Yates was nominated. But the delay dictated by Lorimer's loyalty cost him a political deal which would have spelled practical triumph instead of qualified defeat. That was two years ago.

Now so perfect is his control of the party machinery that on twenty-four hours' notice he can pack the Chicago Auditorium with from five to ten thousand political workers who are cogs in his vast machine. Above all, he hates a "ducker"—a man of questionable loyalty—and one of his chief joys has been to lay several of these in their political graves. His judgment of men is remarkable. Sometimes he makes mistakes, but he stays with his men until they prove themselves false to his code of political honor. Then he is done with them forever and promptly crushes them. He knows a "stayer" from a "quitter," and once satisfied of the loyalty of a lieutenant delights to watch him climb to a power almost equal to his own.

Naturally he is a student and delights especially in the great sociological masterpieces of fiction, Victor Hugo being his favorite author.

"Who is your ideal politician?" I once asked Mr. Lorimer.

"Abraham Lincoln," he promptly replied; "he has always been my kind."

Then he laughingly added: "You see, I'm a sort of an anarchist. I like the books that show the great forces that have moved the people along the line of liberty and freedom. That's what interests me in Victor Hugo."

There is one point in William Lorimer's life against which the most daring and hostile of newspapers has never ventured to raise a suspicion. In his home relations he is the incarnation of devotion, gentleness and straightforward fidelity. He may lose all the wards in Chicago and go to defeat in his own precinct, but he is "solid" in the circle about his own hearthstone.

Such is the newest type of political boss. He breaks all traditions, overturns all records. He is personally clean, mild and gentle; is an example of all that is desirable in a father and friend; he despises filth of language, deceit, intemperance and crooked dealing; he is not a "good fellow" in any but the higher sense—and yet the worse elements of a great city's slums are as clay in his hands. "Patronage" is his passion, and business his pastime. He presents to the students of sociology a fresh and interesting problem. Let them account for him if they can!

"Tom" Reed's Yaller Dorg

By Holman F. Day

THE last time the Honorable Thomas B. Reed made a flying trip to his old home in Portland, Maine, an admiring friend wanted to give him a fancy-bred dog for his New York home.

"Wa-ahl," drawled Mr. Reed, leaning back and surveying his friend humorously, "I appreciate the self-sacrifice that prompted that offer, but I will confidentially inform you that I went out of the dog business at about the time I left Congress. I went into it involuntarily—the dog business, I mean—and I came out of both Congress and the dog business because I wanted to. I made money by both steps.

"When I was Speaker of the House of Representatives I noticed all at once that a yaller dog used to sit at the edge of the sidewalk at a certain place on Pennsylvania Avenue and eye me with much more deference than was displayed at that time by any of the House Democrats. The dog made no open overtures toward acquaintance, but I was feeling so sort of lonesome at that time—you recollect the reasons I had—I just commenced a flirtation with that dog. He had dispensed with his tail—a few thousand years behind us humans in that, to be sure, nevertheless exhibiting a canine progress that appealed to me. One ear lopped down and completely covered one eye. But the other ear stuck up straight, and the general effect was a mingled air of sprightliness and subtlety that attracted me. I cultivated that yaller dog.

"Then the yaller dog began to cultivate me. At first he picked himself off the sidewalk when I passed and followed me at a discreet distance. He would stop at the door of the Capitol. But as the flirtation grew warmer he took to pursuing me even to the cloak-room. There he would ensconce himself between my feet and eye the assemblage with a sort of mixed expression. When a man came along to shake hands with me the yaller dog didn't know whether to arise and defend me or waggle his ear in token of associative amity. He had evidently been brought up to suspect the worst of every one.

"One day a Southern member of effusive temperament rushed up to me to congratulate me on something and the yaller dog projected himself through the air and tasted the Southern gentleman with great relish. After that I tried to discourage the attentions of the yaller dog, but you know how it is when any one gets really in love with you! Why, that yaller dog's jealousy got to be so frantic that he didn't want any one to address me. Members of Congress were thinking of procuring stilts in order to hold conferences with me.

"And then the yaller dog insisted on coming in to see me preside. Whenever there would be any great disturbance at the door the word would go 'round: 'Oh, that? That's Reed's dog trying to lick the doortenders.' I divorced the canine finally, but it was in bloody fashion—the same as divorce methods are practiced in the Uganda country. But I did it by proxy and it cost me ten dollars.

"My dear friend, I appreciate your dog offer, but I must decline. If I afford a dog the least provocation he immediately develops such an ardent and consuming infatuation for me that it proves fatal. I am one of those marked unfortunates doomed to pass through life without the consoling companionship of a Platonic canine."

An Object of Value and Virtue

By E. NESBIT

THIS happened a very little time after we left our humble home in Lewisham, and went to live at the Blackheath house of our Indian uncle, which was replete with every modern convenience, and had a big garden and a great many greenhouses. We had had a lot of jolly Christmas presents, and one of them was Dicky's from father, and it was a printing press. Not one of the eighteen-penny kind that never come off, but a real tip-topper, that you could have printed a whole newspaper out of if you could have been clever enough to make up all the stuff there is in newspapers. I don't know how people can do it. It's all about different things, but it is all just the same, too.

But the author is sorry to find he is not telling things from the beginning, as he has been taught. The printing press really doesn't come into the story till quite a long way on. So it is no use your wondering what it was that we did print with the printing press. It was not a newspaper, anyway, and it wasn't my young brother's poetry, though he and the girls did do an awful lot of that. It was something much more far-reaching, as you will see if you wait.

There wasn't any skating those holidays because it was what they call nice open weather. That means it was simply muggy, and you could play out-of-doors without grown-ups fussing about your overcoat, or bringing you to open shame in the streets with knitted comforters, except of course the poet Noël, who is young and equal to having bronchitis if he only looks at a pair of wet boots. But the girls were indoors a good deal, trying to make things for a bazar which the people our housekeeper's elder sister lives with were having in the country for the benefit of a poor Iron Church that was in difficulties. And Noël and H. O. were with them, putting sweets in bags for the bazar's lucky tub. So Dicky and I were out alone together. We were not angry with the others for their stuffy way of spending a day. Two is not a good number, though, for any game except fives, and the man who ordered the vineries and pineries and butlers' pantries and things never had the sense to tell the builders to make a fives-court. Some people never think of the simplest things. So we had been playing catch with a fives-ball. It was Dicky's ball. And Oswald said:

"I bet you can't hit it over the house."

"What do you bet?" said Dicky.

And then Oswald replied: "Anything you like. You couldn't do it."

Dicky said: "Miss Blake says betting is wicked. But I don't believe it is, if you don't bet money."

Oswald reminded him how, in Miss Edgeworth, even that wretched little Rosamond, who is never allowed to do anything she wants to, not even to lose her own needle, makes a bet with her brother, and none of the grown-ups turns a hair.

"But *I* don't want to bet," he said; "I know you can't do it."

"I'll bet you my fives-ball I do," Dicky rejoindered.

"Done—I'll bet you that three-penny ball of string and the cobbler's-wax you were bothering about yesterday."

So Dicky said "Done!" and then he went and got a tennis-racket (though I meant that he should just use his hands), and the ball soared up to the top of the house and faded away. But when we went round to look for it we couldn't find it anywhere. So he said it had gone over and he had won. And Oswald thought it had not gone over, but stayed on the roof, and that he hadn't won. And they could not agree about it, though they talked of nothing else till tea-time.

It was a few days after that that the big greenhouse began to leak and something was said at brekker about had any of us been throwing stones. But it happened that we had not. Only after brek Oswald said to Dicky:

"What price fives-balls for knocking holes in greenhouses?"

"Then you own it went over the house and I won my bet. Hand over," Dicky remarked.

But Oswald did not see this, because it wasn't proved it was the fives-ball. It was only his idea.

Then it rained for two or three days and the greenhouse leaked much more than just a fives-ball, and the grown-ups said the man who put it up had scamped the job, and so they sent for him to put it right. And when he was ready he came, and men came with ladders and putty and glass, and a thing to cut it, with a real diamond in it that

he let us have to look at. It was fine that day, and Dicky and H. O. and I were out most of the time talking to the men. I think the men who come to do things to houses are so interesting to talk to. They seem to know much more about the things that really matter than gentlemen do. I shall try to be like them when I grow up, and not always talk about politics, and the way the army is going to the dogs.

The men were very jolly, and let us go up the ladder and look at the top of the greenhouse. Not H. O., of course, because he is very young indeed, and wears socks. When they had gone to dinner H. O. went in to see if some pies were done that he had made out of a bit of putty the man gave him. He had put the pies in the oven when the cook wasn't looking. I think something must have been done to him, for he did not return.

So Dicky and I were left. Dicky said:

"If I could get the ladder round to the roof of the stovehouse I believe I should find my fives-ball in the gutter. I *know* it went over the house that day."

So Oswald, ever ready and obliging, helped his brother to move the ladder round to the tiled roof of the stovehouse, and Dicky looked in the gutter. But even he could not pretend the ball was there, because I am certain it never went over at all.

When he came down Oswald said:

"Sold again!"

And Dicky said: "Sold yourself! You jolly well thought it was there and you'd have to pay for it."

This unjustness was Oswald's reward for his kind helpingness about moving the ladder. So he turned away, just saying carelessly over his retiring shoulder:

"I should think you'd have the decency to put the ladder back where you found it." And he walked off.

BEING FAR OUTNUMBERED ... HE HAD TO CHUCK THE BOARDS AND RUN FOR IT

But he has a generous heart—a crossing-sweeper told him so once when he gave him a half-penny—and when Dicky said: "Come on, Oswald. Don't be a sneak," he proved that he was not one and went back and helped with the ladder. But he was a little distant to Dicky till all disagreeableness was suddenly buried in a rat Pincher found in the cucumber frame.

Then the washing-hands-and-faces-for-dinner-bell rang and of course we should have gone in directly, only just then the workmen came back from their dinner; and we waited, because one of them had promised Oswald some hinges for a ferret's hutch he thought of making, and while he was talking to this man the other one went up the ladder. And then the most exciting and awful thing I ever saw happened, all in a minute, before any one could have said "Jack Robinson," even if they had thought of him. The bottom part of the ladder slipped out along the smooth tiles by the greenhouse, and there was a long, dreamlike, dreadful time, when Oswald knew what was going to happen—but it could only have been a second, really, because before any one could do anything the top end of the ladder slid softly, like cutting butter, off the top of the greenhouse, and the man on the ladder fell, too. I never saw anything that made me feel so wrong way up in my inside. He lay there all in a heap without moving and the men crowded round him. Dicky and I could not see properly because of the other men. But the foreman—the one who had given Oswald the hinges—said:

"Better get a doctor."

It always takes a long time for a workman to understand what you want him to do, and long before these had, Oswald had shouted, "I'll go," and was off like an arrow from a bow—and Dicky with him.

They found the doctor at home and he came that minute. Oswald and Dicky were told to go away, but they could not bear to, though they knew their dinner-bell must have been already rung for them many times in vain, and it was now ringing with fury. They just lurked round the corner of the greenhouse till the doctor said it was a broken arm and nothing else hurt; and when the poor man was sent home in a cab Oswald and Dicky got the cabman, who is a friend of theirs, to let them come on the box with him. And thus they saw where the man lived, and saw his poor wife greet the sufferer. She only said:

"Gracious, Gus! Whatever have you been up to now? You always was an unlucky chap!"

But we could see her loving heart was full to overflowing.

When she had taken him in and shut the door we went away. The wretched sufferer, whose name transpired to be Augustus Victor Plunkett, was lucky enough to live in a mews. Noël made a poem about it afterward.

"Oh, Muse of Poetry, do not refuse
To tell about a man who loves the mews.
It is his humble home so poor,
And the cabman who drove him home lives next door
But two: and when his arm was broke
His loving wife with tears spoke."

And so on—it went on for 224 lines—and he could not print it because it took far too much type for the printing press.

It was as we went out of the mews that we first saw the Goat. I gave him a piece of cocoanut-ice, and he liked it awfully. He was tied to a ring in the wall, and he was black and white, with horns and a beard, and when the man he belonged to saw us looking at him, he said we could have that Goat at a bargain. And when we asked, out of politeness and not because we had any money except twopence half-penny of Dicky's, how much he wanted for the Goat, he said:

"Seven-and-sixpence is the lowest, so I won't deceive you, young gents. And so help me if he ain't worth thribble the money."

Oswald did the sum in his head, which told him the Goat was worth one pound two shillings and sixpence, and he went away sadly, for he did want that Goat.

We were later for dinner than I ever remember our being, and Miss Blake had not kept us any pudding, but Oswald bore up when he thought of the Goat. But Dicky seemed to have no beautiful inside thoughts to sustain him, and he was so dull Dora said she only hoped he wasn't going to have measles.

It was when we had gone up to bed that he fiddled about with the studs and old buttons and things in a velvety box he had, till Oswald was in bed, and then he said:

"Look here, Oswald, I feel as if I was a murderer, or next door to. It was our moving that ladder—I'm certain it was. And now he's laid up, and his wife and children."

Oswald sat up in bed and said kindly:

"You're right, old chap. It *was* your moving that ladder. Of course you didn't put it back firm. But the man's not killed."

"We oughtn't to have touched it," he said, "or we ought to have told them we had, or something. Suppose his arm gets blood-poisoning or inflammation or something awful. I couldn't go on living if I was the doer of a deed like that."

Oswald had never seen Dicky so upset. He takes things jolly easy as a rule. Oswald said: "Well, it is no use fuming over it. You'd better get out of your clothes and go to bed. We'll cut down in the morning and leave our cards and kind inquiries."

Oswald only meant to be kind, and by making this amusing remark he wished to draw his erring brother's thoughts from the remorse that was poisoning his young life, and would very likely keep him awake for an hour or more thinking of it and fidgeting about so that Oswald couldn't sleep.

But Dicky did not take it at all the way Oswald meant. He said:

"Shut up, Oswald, you beast," and lay down on his bed and began to blub.

Oswald said: "Beast yourself!" because it is the proper thing to say, but he was not angry, only sorry that Dicky was so duffing as not to see what he meant. And he got out of bed and went softly to the girls' room, which is next ours, and said:

"I say, come in to our room a sec, will you? Dicky is howling fit to bring the house down. I think a council of us elder ones would do him more good than anything."

"Whatever is up?" Dora asked, getting into her dressing-gown.

"Oh, nothing except that he's a murderer. Come on, and don't make a row; mind the mats and our boots by the door."

They came in and Oswald said:

"Look here, Dicky, old boy—here are the girls, and we're going to have a council about it."

They wanted to kiss him, but he wouldn't, and shrugged his shoulders about and wouldn't speak—but when Alice had got hold of his hand he said in a muffled voice:

"You tell them, Oswald."

When Oswald and Dicky were alone you will have noticed that the just elder brother blamed the proper person, which was Dicky, because he would go up on the stovehouse roof after his beastly ball, which Oswald did not care a rap about. And besides, he knew it wasn't there. But now that other people were there Oswald of course said:

"You see *we* moved the men's ladder when they were at their dinner. And you know the man that fell off the ladder and we went with him in the cab to the place where that Goat was? Well, Dicky has only just thought of it, but of course it was really our fault his tumbling, because we couldn't have put the ladder back safely. And Dicky thinks if his arm blood-poisoned itself we should be as good as murderers."

Dicky is perfectly straight; he sat up and sniffed and blew his nose and said:

"It was my idea moving the ladder—Oswald only helped."

"Can't we ask Uncle to see that the dear sufferer wants for nothing while he's ill, and all that?" said Dora.

"Well," said Oswald, "we could, of course. But then it would all come out. And about the fives-ball, too. And we can't be at all sure it *was* the ball made the greenhouse leak, because I know it never went over the house."

"Yes, it did," said Dicky, giving his nose a last stern blow.

Oswald was generous to a sorrowing foe, and took no notice, only went on:

"And about the ladder, we can't be quite sure it wouldn't have slipped on those tiles, even if we'd never moved it. But I think Dicky would feel jollier if we could do something for the man—and I know it would me."

That looks mixed, but Oswald was rather agitated himself, and that was what he said.

"We must think of something to do to get money," Alice said, "like we used to do when we were Treasure Seekers."

Presently the girls went away and we heard them jawing in their room. Just as Oswald was falling asleep the door opened and a figure in white came in and bent above his almost sleeping form. It said:

"We've thought of something! We'll have a bazar, like the people Miss Blake's elder sister lives with did for the poor Iron Church."

The form glided away. Miss Blake is our housekeeper. Oswald could hear that Dicky was already sleeping, so he turned over and went to sleep himself. He dreamed of Goats, only they were as big as railway engines, and would keep ringing the church bells till Oswald awoke and it was the getting-up bell, and not a great Goat ringing it, but only Sarah as usual.

The idea of the bazar seemed to please all of us. "We can ask all the people we know to it," said Alice.

"And wear our best frocks and sell the things at the stalls," said Dora.

Dicky said we could have it in the big greenhouse, now the plants were out of it.

"I will write a poem for the man, and say it at the bazar," Noël said. "I know people say poetry at bazars. The one Aunt Carrie took me to, a man said a piece about a cowboy."

H. O. said there ought to be lots of sweets, and then everyone would buy them.

Oswald said some one would have to ask my father, and he said he would do it, if the others liked. He did this because of an inside feeling in his mind that he knew might come on at any moment. So he did. And "Yes" was the answer. And then the Uncle gave Oswald a whole quid to buy things to sell at the bazar, and my father gave him ten bob for the same useful and generous purpose and said he was glad to see we were trying to do good to others.

When he said that the inside feeling in Oswald's mind began that he had felt afraid would, some time, and he told my father about him and Dicky moving the ladder, and about the hateful fives-ball and everything. And my father was awfully decent about it, so that Oswald was glad he had told.

The girls wrote the invitations to all our friends that very day. We boys went down to look in the shops and see what we could buy for the bazar. And we went to ask how Mr. Augustus Victor Plunkett's arm was getting on, and to see the Goat.

The others liked the Goat almost as much as Oswald, and even Dicky agreed that it was our clear duty to buy the Goat for the sake of poor Mr. Plunkett.

Because, as Oswald said, if it was worth one pound two and six we could easily sell it again for that, and we should have gained fifteen shillings for the sufferer.

So we bought the Goat, and changed the ten shillings to do it. The man untied the other end of the Goat's rope and Oswald took hold of it, and said he hoped we were not robbing the man by taking his Goat from him for such a low price.

"Not at all, young gents. Don't you mention it. Pleased to oblige a friend any day of the week," he said.

So we started to take the Goat home. But after about half a street he would not come any more. He stopped still and a lot of boys and people came round, just as if they had never seen a Goat before. We were beginning to feel quite uncomfortable when Oswald remembered the Goat liked cocoanut-ice, so Noël went into a shop and got three pennorth, and then the cheap animal consented to follow us home. So did the street boys. The cocoanut-ice was more for the money than usual, but not so nice.

My father was not pleased when he saw the Goat. But when Alice told him it was for the bazar he laughed and let us keep it in the stable yard. It got out early in the morning, and came right into the house, and butted the cook in her own back kitchen, a thing even Oswald himself would have hesitated before doing. So that showed it was a brave Goat.

The groom did not like the Goat, because it bit a hole in a sack of corn, and then walked up it like up a mountain, and all the oats ran out and got between the stones of the stable yard and there was a row. But we explained it was not for long, as the bazar was in three days. And we hurried to get things ready.

We were each to have a stall. Dora took the refreshment stall. The Uncle made Miss Blake get all that ready.

Alice had a stall for pincushions and brush-and-comb bags and other useless things that girls make with stuff and ribbons.

Noël had a poetry stall, where you could pay twopence and get a piece of poetry and a sweet wrapped up in it. We chose sugar almonds, because they are not so sticky.

H. O.'s stall was to be sweets, if he promised, on his word of honor as a Bastable, only to eat one of each kind.

Dicky wished to have a stall for mechanical toys and parts of clocks. He has a great many parts of clocks, but the only mechanical toy was his clockwork engine that was broken ages ago, so he had to give it up and he couldn't think of anything else, so he settled to help Oswald and keep an eye on H. O.

Oswald's stall was meant to be a stall for really useful things, but in the end it was just a lumber stall for the things other people did not want. But he did not mind, because the others agreed he should have the entire selling of the Goat, and he racked his young brains to think how to sell it in the most interesting and unusual way. And at last he saw how, and he said:

"He shall be a lottery, and we'll make people take tickets and then draw a secret number out of a hat, and whoever gets the right number gets the Goat. I wish it was me."

"We ought to advertise it, though," Dicky said. "Have handbills printed, and send out sandwich men."

Oswald inquired at the printers in Greenwich, and handbills were an awful price, and sandwich men a luxury far beyond our means. So he went home sadly, and then Alice thought of the printing press. We got it out and cleaned it where the ink had been upset into it, and mended the broken parts as well as we could, and got some more printer's ink, and wrote the circular and printed it. It was:

SECRET LOTTERY
Exceptional and Rare Chance
An Object of Value—

"It ought to be object of *virtue*," said Dicky. "I saw it in the old iron and china and picture shop. It was a carved ivory ship, and there was a ticket on it—'Rare object of virtue.'"

"The Goat's an object, certainly," Alice said, "and it's valuable. As for virtue, I'm not so sure."

But Oswald thought the two V's looked well, and being virtuous is different to being valuable, but all the same the Goat might be both when you got to know him really well. So we put it in:

SECRET LOTTERY
Exceptional and Rare Chance
An Object of Value & Virtue

will be lotteried for on Saturday next at four o'clock. Tickets one or two shillings each according to how many people want them. The Object is not disclosed till after the Lottery, but it cost a lot of money and is honestly worth three times as much. If you win it it is the same as winning money. Apply at Morden House, Blackheath, at 3 o'clock next Saturday. Take tickets early to prevent disappointment.

We printed these, and though they looked a bit rum we had not time to do them again, so we went out about dusk and dropped them in people's letter-boxes. Then next day Oswald, who is always very keen on doing the thing well, got two baking boards out of the kitchen and bored holes in them with an auger I had, and pasted paper on them and did on them with a paint brush and ink the following lines:

SECRET LOTTERY.
OBJECT OF VALUE AND VIRTUE
Tickets 1s. and 2s.

BUT AFTER ABOUT HALF A STREET HE WOULD NOT COME ANY MORE

If you win it will be the same as winning money.
Lottery at Morden House,
Blackheath
Saturday at 4
Come at 3.

And he slung the boards round his neck, and tied up his mouth in one of those knitted comforters he despises so much at other times, and pulling a cap of father's down over his hold ears he got Dicky to let him out of the side door. And then the brave boy went right across the Heath and three times up and down the village, till those boys that followed him and the Goat home went for him near the corner of Wemyss Road, and he made a fight for it, taking off the boards and using them as shields. But at last, being far outnumbered, which is no disgrace, he had to chuck the boards and run for it.

Saturday was fine. We had hung the greenhouse with evergreens and paper roses that looked almost like real among the green, and Miss Blake let us have some Chinesy looking curtains to cover over the shelves and staging with. And the gardener let us have a lot of azaleas and things in pots, so that it was all very bowery and flowery.

Alice's stall was the smartest looking, because Miss Blake had let her have all the ribbons and things that were over from the other bazar.

H. O.'s stall was also nice, all on silver tea-trays, so as not to be stickier than needful.

The poetry stall had more flowers on it than any of the others, to make up for the poetry looking so dull outside. Of course you could not see the sweet inside the packets till you opened them. Red azaleas are prettier than poetry, I think. I think the tropic lands in Westward Ho had great flowers like that.

We got the Goat into the stove-house. He was to be kept a secret till the very last. And by half-past two we were all ready, and very clean and dressed. We had all looked out everything we thought any one could want to buy and that we could spare, and some things we could not, and most of these were on Oswald's table; among others several boxes of games we had never cared about; some bags of marbles, which nobody plays now; a lot of old books; a pair of braces with wool-work on them that an aunt once made for Oswald, and of course he couldn't wear them; some bags of odd buttons for people who like sewing these things on; a lot of foreign stamps, gardening tools, Dicky's engine that won't go, and a stuffed parrot, but he was moth-eaten.

About three our friends began to come—Mrs. Leslie and Lord Tottenham and Albert's uncle and a lot of others. It was a very grand party, and they admired the bazar very much, and all bought things. Mrs. Leslie bought the engine for ten shillings, though we told her honestly it would never go again, and Albert's uncle bought the parrot and would not tell us what he wanted it for. The money was put on a blue dish so that every one could see how it got on, and our hearts were full of joy as we saw how much silver there was among the pennies, and two or three gold pieces, too. I know now how the man feels who holds the plate at the door in church.

Noël's poetry stall was much more paying than I thought it would be. I believe nobody really likes poetry, and yet every one pretends they do, either so as not to hurt Noël's feelings, or because they think well-brought-up people ought to like poetry, even Noël's. Of course Macaulay and Aytoun and Kipling are different. I don't mind them so much myself.

Noël wrote a lot of new poetry for the bazar. It took up all his time, and even then he had not enough new stuff to wrap up all the sugar almonds in. So he made up with old poetry that he'd done before. Albert's uncle got one of the new ones, and said it made him a proud man. It was:

"How noble and good and kind you are
To come to Victor A. Plunkett's bazar.
Please buy as much as you can bear,
For the sufferer needs all you can possibly spare.
I know you are sure to take his part,
Because you have such a noble heart."

Mrs. Leslie got:

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The lily's pale, and so are you—
Or would be if you had seen him fall
Off the top of the ladder so tall.
Do buy as much as you can stand
And lend the poor a helping hand."

Lord Tottenham, though, only got one of the old ones, and it happened to be the Wreck of the Malabar. He was an Admiral once. But he liked it. He is a nice old gentleman, but people do say he is "excentric."

Father got a poem that said:

"Please turn your eyes round in their sockets
And put both your hands in your pockets,
Your eyes will show you things so gay
And I hope you'll find enough in your pockets to pay
For the things you buy.
Good-by."

And he laughed and seemed pleased, but when Mrs. Morrison, Albert's mother, got that poem about the black beetle that was poisoned, she was not so pleased, and she said it was horrid, and made her flesh creep. You know the poem. It says:

"Oh, beetle, how I weep to see
Thee lying on thy poor back.
It is so very sad to see,
You were so leggy and black.
I wish you were crawling about alive again
But many people think this is nonsense and a shame."

Noël *would* recite, no matter what we said, and he stood up on a chair, and every one, in their blind generousness, paid sixpence to hear him. It was a poem of his own about the Duke of Wellington, and it began:

"Hail, faithful leader of the brave band
Who went to make Napoleon understand
He couldn't have everything his own way.
We taught him this on Waterloo day."

I heard that much, but then he got so upset and frightened no one could hear anything till the end, when it says:

"So praise the heroes of Waterloo,
And let us do our duty like they had to do."

Every one clapped very much, but Noël was so upset he nearly cried, and Mrs. Leslie said:

"Noël, I'm feeling as pale as a lily again! Take me round the garden to recover myself!" She was as red as usual, but it saved Noël from making a young ass of himself. And we got 17s. 6d. by his reciting. So that was all right.

We might as well not have sent out those circulars, because only the people we had written to ourselves came. Of course I don't count those five street boys, the same Oswald had the sandwich-board fight with. They came, and they walked round and looked at the things, but they had no money to spend, it turned out, and only came to be disagreeable and make fun. So Albert's uncle asked them if they did not think their families would be lonely without them, and he and I saw them off at the gate. Then they stood outside and made rude noises. And another stranger came and Oswald thought perhaps the circular was beginning to bear fruit. But the stranger asked for the master of the house, and he was shown in. Oswald was just shaking up the numbers in his hat for the lottery for the Goat, and Alice and Dora were selling the tickets for half-a-crown each to our visitors and explaining the dreadful misery of the poor man that all this trouble was being taken for, and we were all enjoying ourselves very much, when Sarah came to say Master Oswald was to go in to master's study at once. So he went, wondering what on earth he could have been up to now. But he could not think of anything in particular. But when his father said: "Oswald, this gentleman is a detective from Scotland Yard," he was glad he had told about the fives-ball and the ladder, because he knew his father would now stand by him. But he did wonder whether you could be sent to prison for leaving a ladder in a slippery place, and how long they would keep you there for that crime.

Then my father held out one of the fatal circulars, and said:

"I suppose this is some of your work? Mr. Biggs here is bound in honor to do his best to find out when people break the laws of the land. Now lotteries are illegal and can be punished by law."

Oswald gloomily wondered how much the law could do to you. He said:

"We didn't know, father."

Then his father said: "The best thing you can do is to tell this gentleman all about it."

So Oswald said:

"Augustus Victor Plunkett fell off a ladder and broke his arm, and perhaps it was our fault for meddling with the ladder at all. So we wanted to do something to help him, and father said we might have a bazar. It is happening now, and we had three pounds two and sevenpence last time I counted the bazar."

"But what about the lottery?" said Mr. Biggs, who did not look as if he would take Oswald to prison just then, as our young hero had feared. In fact he looked rather jolly. "Is the prize money?"

"No—oh, no—only it's so valuable it's as good as winning money."

"Then it's only a raffle," said Mr. Biggs; "that's what it is—just a plain raffle. What *is* the prize?"

"Are we to be allowed to go on with it?" asked the wary Oswald.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Biggs, "if it's not money, why not? What is the valuable object?"

"Come, Oswald," said his father, when Oswald said nothing. "What is the object of virtù?"

"I'd rather not say," said Oswald, feeling very uncomfortable.

Mr. Biggs said something about duty being duty, and my father said:

"Come, Oswald, don't be a young duffer. I dare say it's nothing to be ashamed of."

"I should think not, indeed," said Oswald, as his fond thoughts played with that beautiful Goat.

"Well, then?"

"Well, sir;" Oswald spoke desperately, for he wondered that his father had been so patient so long, and now saw that he wasn't going to go on being. "You see the great thing is nobody is to know it's a G—— I mean it's a secret. No one's to know what the prize is. Only when you've won it, it will be revealed."

"Well," said my father, "if Mr. Biggs will take a glass of wine with me, we'll follow you down to the greenhouse and he can see for himself."

Mr. Biggs said something about thanking father kindly, and about his duty. And presently they came down to the greenhouse. Father did not introduce Mr. Biggs to any one. I suppose he forgot, but Oswald did it while father was talking to Mrs. Leslie. And Mr. Biggs made himself very agreeable to all the ladies.

Then we had the lottery. Every one had tickets, and Alice asked Mr. Biggs to buy one. She let him have it for a shilling, because it was the last, and we all hoped he would win the Goat. He seemed quite sure now that Oswald was not kidding, and that the prize was not money. Indeed Oswald went so far as to tell him privately that the prize was too big to put in your pocket, and that if it was divided up it would be spoiled, which is true of Goats, but not of money.

Every one was laughing and talking, and wondering anxiously whatever the prize could possibly be. Oswald carried round the hat and every one drew a number. The winning number was 666, and Albert's uncle said afterward it was a curious coincidence. I don't know what it meant, but it made Mrs. Leslie laugh. When every one had drawn a number Oswald rang the dinner-bell to command silence, and there was a hush, full of anxious expectation. Then Oswald said:

"The prize number is six hundred and sixty-six. Who has it?"

And Mr. Biggs took a step forward and held out his paper.

"The prize is yours! I congratulate you," said Oswald warmly. Then he went into the stovehouse, and hastily placing a wreath of paper roses on the Goat's head that Alice had got ready for the purpose, he got out the Goat by secretly showing it a bit of cocoanut-ice, and led it by the same means to the feet of the happy winner.

"Here is your prize," said Oswald with feelings of generous pride. "I am very glad you've got him. He'll be a comfort to you, and make up for all the trouble you've had over our lottery—raffle, I mean."

And he placed the ungoated end of the rope in the unresisting hand of the fortunate detective.

Neither Oswald nor any of the rest of us has ever been able to make out why every one should have laughed so. But they did. They said the lottery was the success of the afternoon. And the ladies kept on congratulating Mr. Biggs.

At last people began to go, and the detective, so unexpectedly made rich beyond his wildest dreams, said he, too, must be going. He had tied the Goat to the greenhouse door, and now he moved away. But we all cried out:

"You've forgotten your Goat."

"No, I haven't," he said very earnestly, "I shall never forget that Goat to my dying hour. But I want to call on my aunt just close by, and I couldn't very well take the Goat to see her."

"I don't see why not," H. O. said. "It's a very nice Goat."

"She's frightened of them," said he; "one ran at her when she was a little girl. But if you'll allow me, sir," and he winked at my father, which is not manners, "if you'll allow me, I'll call in for the Goat on my way to the station."

We got five pounds thirteen and five pence by the bazar and the raffle. We should have had another ten shillings from father, but he had to give it to Mr. Biggs, because we had put him to the trouble of coming all the way from Scotland Yard because he thought our circular was from some hardened criminal wishing to cheat his trustful fellow-creatures.

We took the money to Augustus Victor Plunkett next morning, and I tell you he *was* pleased.

We waited till long after dark for the detective to return for his rich prize. But he never came. I hope he was not set upon and stabbed in some dark alley. If he is alive, and not imprisoned, I can't see why he didn't come back. I often think anxiously of him. Because, of course, detectives have many enemies among felons who think nothing of stabbing people in the back, so that being murdered in a dark alley is a thing all detectives are constantly liable to.

The Unknown Captains of Industry

Who They Are: What They Have Done: How They Did It

By PAUL LATZKE

THE journey of the Oregon along the length of two oceans, made without break or rest; her arrival off Santiago fresh for duty as though she had just come out of the dockyards; her magnificent performance in the great naval battle which followed; all these things have been told and retold. But, strangely enough, though the praises of the ship and of her captain and crew have been sung in all tongues, little or nothing has been told of the Man Who Made Her; of the man whose master hand fashioned the hull that rode so steadily, and set the engines that came out of the ordeal sound and unshaken.

MR. IRVING M. SCOTT

In the records of the Navy Department it is set down that the Oregon was built by the Union Iron Works of San Francisco. But to those who know, the Union Iron Works are Irving Murray Scott, pioneer of the shipbuilding industry on the Pacific Coast. It was eminently fit, therefore, that Mr. Scott should have been of the Hundred Captains of Industry who assembled at the famous Sherry luncheon in honor of Prince Henry of Prussia.

In the year 1837 there came as a Christmas gift to John and Elizabeth Scott a little boy. The Scotts were an old Quaker family whose ancestry dated back to the seventeenth century. They were settled on the "Old Regulation" Farm, a fine sweeping bit of Maryland country, about twenty-five miles from Baltimore. The Christmas boy developed such a talent for study and research that it was at first determined to make of him a physician. Before this design could be carried out he met Nicholas Merriman. "Old Nick" was a miller. He was a mechanic by instinct, and filled the head of young Irving Murray so full of mechanical wonders that the lad determined to give up medicine and study machinery.

At the age of seventeen the future builder of the Oregon made his way to Baltimore to seek employment as a mechanic.

Editor's Note—The first article in this series appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of May 10. Another will appear in an early number.

Obed Hussey had a machine shop there, and with him Scott found a position as apprentice. During working hours he was perpetually looking around for something to do in addition to his regular duties, and in the evening he was with his books. Three evenings a week he attended the classes in mechanical drawing at the American Institute, one evening he devoted to German studies, and one to popular lectures, of which there was then a regular course. Every Saturday night he spent in the library of his uncle, a well-to-do business man with whom he lived in Baltimore.

Why Scott Went to the Pacific

Young Scott went to his employer one day and, showing him several pieces of work that he had fashioned, said:

"I think, Mr. Hussey, I have learned here everything I can. I want to get higher up and I wish you would help me."

Hussey examined the machines, and agreed that there was nothing more that the machine shop could teach him.

"What do you want to do next?" he inquired.

"I want to get into a bigger place."

"All right; I'll help you."

The young man was taken into a marine engineering concern with which he remained for some years. An auction sale of machinery was arranged by the company in April, 1860, and among the bidders was Peter Donahue, of San Francisco. He secured a number of machines and arranged to have them shipped to the Pacific Coast, by way of the Cape. As he was supervising the packing he was approached by Scott, who asked:

"Don't you want somebody to take care of that machinery for you in San Francisco, Mr. Donahue?"

"Oh, I don't know. I hadn't thought of it. Why?"

"Because I'd like to go out to the Coast. I think I could do better in that new country than I can here."

"What can you do?"

For answer Scott referred him to his principal, who assured Mr. Donahue that the young man could do anything he agreed to do. That was the sort of man Donahue was looking for, and in the following December Irving Murray Scott was at work in

San Francisco for the Donahue Brothers, who conducted a general foundry, machine and jobbing business under the title of the Union Iron Works.

At a critical time in the absence of the heads of the firm the foreman of the works threw up his job. Scott, without waiting for orders, stepped into the breach and took upon himself the direction of the work. This pleased Mr. Donahue so much that when he returned he made the young fellow, who was then only twenty-four, the regular foreman and gave him complete charge of the mechanical division.

The great development of the mining industries in the West had made an extraordinary demand for mining machinery. All of this was shipped at great expense from the Eastern markets. Scott made up his mind that there was no reason why the Union Iron Works shouldn't supply the mines. He made a tour of the mining districts, found just what was wanted, came back to San Francisco, drafted the plans, and to the amazement of the community San Francisco was soon supplying much of the machinery required.

Later, he went into business for himself, and afterward reorganized the Union Iron Works and became its general manger.

Then the mining industry declined, and Mr. Scott's partners were almost for shutting down the works. But that was not what he had come West for.

"If," he said, "we can't build machinery, we'll build something else."

"What shall we build?"

"Ships," said Scott.

"We can't build in competition with the Eastern Yards."

MR. WM. F. CLARK

"We can try, at any rate."

How well they tried the Oregon has shown. They built also the Olympia, Dewey's flagship, the Charleston, the San Francisco, and many smaller vessels. To-day the plant employs nearly four thousand men and covers over twenty-five acres.

It was an interesting coincidence that this great shipbuilder from the Pacific Coast should have sat at the dinner of the Hundred Captains, near the head of the house of Deering, for in a measure their fame and success sprang from the same source, though they labored in fields wide apart. The same Obed Hussey who taught Mr. Scott his trade as a machinist also built the first reaping machine in the world, and it was on the perfection and improvement of reaping machines that the Deering fortunes were built.

A Pioneer Maker of Harvesters

But for the genius of William Deering the grain crop of the world would probably be less than a quarter what it is to-day. For it is only by the use of automatic machinery that man is enabled to cultivate as much of the soil as he does to-day and to harvest it at a profit. There are other great harvesting machine houses, but Mr. Deering was among the leaders.

William Deering began life in Maine, working as a boy in a little woolen mill near Portland. His father owned an interest in the mill, and seeing the boy's great aptitude and steady application soon turned this interest over to him. Not long afterward young Deering absorbed the other interests as well, and while still a mere lad became thus the owner of a thriving little business. As the capacity of the mill increased he branched out and established the house of Deering, Milliken & Co., which still has offices in Portland, New York and Chicago.

It was while he was building up the Chicago branch that there came the experience which took him into the manufacture of harvesting machines. He was riding through Illinois on horseback and noticed great fields of grain that was rotting for want of harvesting. He finally asked a farmer whom he met: "Why don't you folks get your grain in?"

"Because we can't get the hands. We are all doing the best we can, working from sunup to sundown and all night when the moon shines, but labor is so scarce that we can't begin to harvest all the crops."

The great new West on the other side of the Rockies had drawn almost every foot-loose man out of the Mississippi Valley. The gold rushes of '49 and '50 had been followed by others, until the farmers found themselves without laborers and many of the merchants without clerks.

Obed Hussey's reaper had come in the early thirties and up to this time it had stood alone. It had cut down the labor of harvesting about one-half. But Mr. Deering saw very clearly that something more was needed if the prairies of the great grain-growing States were to be made to yield what they could in crops.

His mind was in a peculiarly receptive condition, therefore, when in 1858 he came upon the Marsh brothers, of De Kalb, Illinois, who were struggling to secure a foothold for a new style of reaper they had invented. This reaper, instead of throwing the grain to the ground after it had been cut, provided a receptacle in which it was deposited. On either side of this were stands upon which two men might ride and tables upon which they could bind the grain by hand as it fell under the knife. This, in the light of subsequent developments, was a crude enough arrangement, but as it decreased the number of men required to harvest a given field from eight to three, it looked sufficiently promising to Mr. Deering to warrant his taking an interest in its development. He raised all the capital he could, organized a partnership, and went actively into the manufacture and introduction of these machines.

It was a trying experience. A score of concerns had sprung up for the manufacture of reapers on the Hussey model. They fought the introduction of the new machine, and almost succeeded in driving the company out of existence. But despite all obstacles Mr. Deering made his way, and in the early seventies more than fifteen thousand of the Marsh machines were at work on American farms.

Mr. Deering next set to work to do away with the hand binding. He scoured the country for inventors, and every man who showed anything like a promising machine was paid liberally for its development. Success came in 1878, when Mr. Deering heard that a man named John F. Appleby had perfected a machine that bound automatically with twine. He sent for Appleby and invited him to continue his experiments at the Deering factory. Afterward, when the twine binder was at work everywhere, and a controversy arose as to the man who deserved the credit, Appleby said:

"In William Deering I found a man far-sighted enough to see the importance of my invention. To him belongs the credit of forcing my binder on the market with sufficient energy to convince the farmer of its practicability. His example soon led other manufacturers to adopt it."

Each year the output of machines became greater. From hundreds it grew to thousands, from thousands to tens of thousands. Agriculture was revolutionized.

Mr. Deering retired recently from active business with a very large fortune. He now devotes himself to philanthropy and education. He is president of the Board of Trustees of the Northwestern University and of the Garrett Biblical Institute, of Evanston, Illinois, where he lives.

A Credit Man for the World

To carry through successfully great enterprises there is one thing more essential than capital. That is credit. In the United States the volume of business transacted each year on credit is a thousand times as great as the total amount of money in circulation. This condition makes a scientific credit system as essential as the United States Treasury.

The man who is the father of the American credit system sat with the other Captains at Prince Henry's dinner. He was William F. Clark, President of "Bradstreet's." This enormous organization has on its home staff over two thousand employees, and has in addition an army of over one hundred and fifty thousand correspondents, scattered throughout the United States and in the commercial centres of the world. In this country alone it furnishes reports on more than a million and a quarter business men, giving their financial responsibility and moral standing. To produce the gigantic report book which the Bradstreet people publish one of the greatest printing plants in the world is maintained. Over eighty thousand pounds of type are kept standing and under continuous correction. To hold this type over twenty-five hundred brass galleys are maintained, each galley representing a complete page.

In 1858 Mr. Clark, who was then twenty-two years old, was employed as chief clerk in a law office in Detroit when there came one of those incidents that change the entire course of a man's life. A stranger entered the office and introduced himself as the representative of J. M. Bradstreet & Co., of New York. He explained that Mr. Bradstreet had conceived the notion of getting out a book of ratings by means of which the wholesale merchants doing business in New York could tell at a glance the credit and trustworthiness of out-of-town merchants who desired to buy on time. The system had been organized in a small way in seven of the principal cities of the country, and the stranger had come to organize Detroit. In order to secure the necessary information he had gone to several bankers, and they had referred him to Mr. Clark.

"But why to me?" Mr. Clark asked.

"Because they say that you have had charge of practically all matters relating to the collection and protesting of notes in this town, that your knowledge of the standing of Detroit business men is better than that of any one else, and that you are painstaking and reliable. In view of this I thought you would consent to undertake the work of compiling a list of Detroit merchants with their proper ratings."

Mr. Clark said he would think the matter over. The more he thought of it the more its possibilities appealed to him. The compensation offered made it impossible to adopt the business at once as a calling, but he undertook to do the work providing a certain territory were given under his exclusive charge. This was readily agreed to.

The Early Unpopularity of "Bradstreet's"

Pending the development of his new enterprise Mr. Clark supported himself by doing outside work. It was a hard struggle; not alone because the results were for a time slow and unsatisfactory, but because he brought down on his head the wrath of almost every business man in the city. When he sought to obtain from these men such facts regarding their business and finances as would enable him to rate them, they denounced him as "a sneak and a spy." They spread his reputation as a spy industriously among his friends and acquaintances, and to such good effect that at one time he was almost turned out of his church.

But he persevered steadily, preaching the gospel of business integrity as he went. He pointed out that the work he was engaged in, instead of being low and sneaking, was of the highest character and respectability, as he was seeking to build up, not to tear down; to give Detroit business men a standing that would enable them to secure all the credit that they were entitled to. But for his former good character and high standing the issue would have been questionable, but he came of good Scotch Presbyterian stock, was a born fighter, and finally won. The revolution that has been wrought in the minds of the mercantile community has been due very largely to Mr. Clark's untiring efforts.

When "Bradstreet's" was incorporated in 1876 Mr. Clark was unanimously elected, by the directors, as President. Some years before that time his complete mastery of detail had resulted in his appointment as General Superintendent. He is to-day a very rich man, a director in a number of the greatest enterprises in America, a patron of the arts, and a friend of the needy.

The Greatest Printer in America

The reference to the great printing plant conducted by "Bradstreet's" leads naturally to Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne, who sat with the Hundred Captains of Industry as the greatest printer of America, and, according to the estimate of his fellows, the greatest printer in the world. It was Mr. De Vinne who has done more than any living American to elevate the printing industry. The imprint of the De Vinne press is like the sterling mark on silver. The establishment built up by Mr. De Vinne occupies an enormous building on Lafayette Place in New York City and is the Mecca toward which all who are ambitious to perfect themselves in the art preservative turn their eyes. The graduate from the De Vinne shop is eagerly welcomed in any printing establishment in America.

Mr. De Vinne's career is an excellent argument in favor of the doctrine of letting a boy follow the pursuit he craves. His destiny was fixed by a visit to the office of John Harper, the founder of Harper & Brothers, in 1833. Mr. De Vinne was then only in his fifth year. He came with his father, a clergyman, from Stamford, Connecticut, and was taken to see the sights of the great city. None of them interested the child particularly until he reached the Harper establishment. There he was fascinated. He roamed about the place with such eager eyes that John Harper finally took him by the hand and explained to him in detail the setting of the type and the working of the presses. He showed him every process of printing, and, as a final demonstration, gave him a book and told him that from cover to cover it was the product of his office. When the boy and his father reached the street again the little Theodore said:

"Father, when I grow up I am going to be a printer like Mr. Harper."

The father laughed indulgently and forgot the incident. But to the boy it was epoch making. At fourteen he had passed through the common school, and decided what he would do for himself thereafter.

"I am going to be a printer," he said to his parents.

MR. T. L. DE VINNE

They were not particularly charmed with the youngster's idea, because printing in those days was a mere trade. However, parental consent was at last obtained and he was apprenticed to the Newburg Gazette, where he remained for four years. At nineteen he made his way to New York City in search of a larger field. He soon made a reputation for himself as a fast typesetter, and an accurate one, a rather infrequent combination. While working on the old Commercial-Inquirer he received a message that Francis Hart wanted to see him. Hart ran what was for that time a good-sized printing office.

"I have heard," said Hart, when De Vinne made his appearance, "that you are a good workman. If you like I'll give you a case here."

That was the real beginning of Theodore L. De Vinne's career. He became foreman in an incredibly short time, and then was admitted to partnership. He worked indefatigably. When Hart died, leaving little or no property, Mr. De Vinne took upon himself the support of his partner's wife and family. He managed to develop the business steadily, and finally organized the firm of Theodore L. De Vinne & Co. He began early to appreciate that printing was more than a trade and he delved into its history. He has written several books which are standards, and from time to time has designed new type faces which have been eagerly adopted throughout the world.

Latterly Mr. De Vinne has devoted himself entirely to literature and the advanced arts. He retired from active business life two years ago at the age of seventy-two.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D 1728

Published every Saturday by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Subscription $1.00 the Year—5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

Bad Sons and Good Fathers

"ALL the world's a stage," and, a Twentieth Century Shakespeare might add, "Life's a continuous performance." For the day when each man played many parts is past, and an age of specialties, of short "turns" for large salaries is here.

Bosh and Balderdash, "the side-splitting comedy team," get a thousand a week; but they must hand out a superior article of bosh for it. Cant and Rant receive yellow-backs for presenting their "refined" little parlor sketch, She Left Her Happy Home for Him; but while the old four-hour melodrama was not expected to produce more than a gentle drizzle in the parquet, the tabloid tragedy must cause a tornado of tears to burst over the house and end, with the ten-minute "turn," in a rainbow of reconciliation. For, nowadays, virtue is rewarded and villainy discovered in one short act instead of five long ones—and the reward of high-grade virtue and the price of first-class villainy have both gone up.

Madame Caressa, whose voice can jump a bar higher than that of any other cantatrice alive, sings no more through the easy things that happen along in the three hours of a light opera. Instead, she takes the high C twice a day, before breathless and admiring thousands, and gets twice as much applause and money for it. The Rolling-Mill Man, having discovered that he can make better fun than steel, has exchanged his overalls for dress clothes and does his "laugh compelling monologue" at a satisfactory advance in salary.

Specialties pay in business as well as on the stage. Do some one thing better than a hundred other men, and, though your business may be overcrowded, as it is sure to be, you will be the fellow who is doing the overcrowding. But a man cannot afford to take up with something which he can do pretty well if there is anything else that he can do better.

Last week we used a little space in talking to The Young Man Who Doesn't Know What He Wants To Do. Now we want to say a word to The One Who Knows What He Doesn't Want To Do, the man whom father, friends and circumstances are urging into uncongenial work.

Every good father tries to plan for his son's happiness; every right-minded son reposes special confidence in his father's judgment, and wants him to feel proud of him and his work. Yearly the old and the young man are coming to have a clearer understanding of their mutual obligations and responsibilities. But sometimes a father's pride demands that a son shall carry on a business for which he has no fitness, or that he shall adopt a profession for which he has no aptitude.

A hundred years ago, when preferment went, like kissing, by favor, it did not make so much difference. But to-day the Spartan father is out of date. Bill is inclined to balk at going into the army, unless he wants to fight, and Jack at taking orders, unless he wants to preach; and very properly so. For counsel in these matters is the duty of the father; choice the right of the son

This right, of course, means only liberty to work in a congenial business or profession if the way is open or the boy will force it—not license to loaf around waiting for something pleasant and easy to turn up. Idleness never leads to anything except more idleness; but any sort of work will bring a determined man to his special work.

Many a father still feels that a son insults him by presuming to have tastes and ideals which differ from his own. A hundred years ago, such a son was often disinherited. To-day we are beginning to understand that the old "Get thee from my doors; thou art no longer a child of mine" business is played out. Darwin enormously increased a father's responsibilities. A son inherits more through him than money; he is the sum total of his ancestors, good and bad, plus the influence of his parents. If the bad predominates in the ancestors and the father's influence is negative, the product is sure to be minus—minus character and purpose And the influence of many American fathers, conscientious, well meaning, hard-working men, who give their sons good food, good clothes, good amusements, good education and good advice, is negative, because they do not get close enough to their boys' real selves to know what sort of fellows, mentally, morally and physically, they are seeing over the tops of their morning papers and helping to dark meat at dinner.

It is this type of boy, when he is told to be a certain kind of success, who surprises and shocks his father by saying that he wants to be a different sort of a success, or by proving that he is unfit to be any sort of a success. And it is this type of father who, in his will, brands the son who can't or won't be his kind of a success as worthless or unworthy; and then, self-sufficient and self-complacent, goes to the last sleep of the just Brutus.

It is doubtful whether any circumstances ever justify a father in disinheriting a son; but it is certain that difference in tastes, or in views of life and work, never do. The spendthrift, the incompetent, the idle, may be restricted in the free use of their portion, but the wise man leaves the rest to a wiser Providence.

Every one must seek the success for which God has made him, whether of muscle, or money, or mind. And to-day he must seek that success along his line of least resistance. To force him against a well-defined and well-ordered inclination is to send him to certain failure or to half-way success. Give the colt his head if he is sure of his ability and steadfast in his determination to travel the road he has chosen. A first-class song and dance man is worth more to the world and to himself than an uncalled and uninspired preacher.

The Canal Which is Not

A FEW years ago, when the idea of a submarine boat first began to be seriously agitated, a light-minded junior officer in the Navy suggested that the inventors were on the wrong tack—that instead of taking the fish for their prototype they ought to take the duck. The duck boat, he ingeniously argued, could become submarine when occasion required, diving and coming up under the enemy and wrenching off his keel plates and snapping his anchor chains with his cast-steel beak. On the surface it could proceed with great rapidity, and, if pursued, could again use its diving abilities as a means of escape, or, if overtaken in shallow water, it could spread a pair of wings and fly away, uttering loud and defiant quacks on a steam quacker.

It would seem that this interesting officer, if not by this time graduated into a serious-minded commodore or admiral, might do something toward solving the canal project. He might come forward with a condor flying machine, which could take a ship up in its talons and wing its way across the Isthmus with it.

It is unfortunate in this canal problem that Nature cannot be persuaded to take a hand. What an uncivil engineer Nature is when she works as at Martinique! Think how easily she could give a little shudder—a mere tremor—indulge in a touch of terrestrial goose-flesh—and snap that narrow ribbon of Isthmus in two and leave a waterway fifty miles wide.

Lo! the Poor Filipino

WHEN a live question is up for discussion the man with red blood objects to sitting quiet and letting the other fellow do all the talking. From time to time we have expressed our opinions on certain subjects—now we want to give our readers their say.

So many letters on Benevolent Assimilation have reached us that it will be impossible to print them all; but we shall publish as many of them as we can find space for during the next few weeks. The views which they express are the individual views of their writers—not the editorial opinions of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The letters which follow are selected with the idea of giving as wide a range of opinion and as many differing view-points as possible. We thank our readers for them

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

As a class, the pupils of our public schools are very patriotic. The parallel which they are quick to discern between our own early war with Great Britain and that which the Boer has been waging with the same power for the same purpose excites their interest and invariably their sympathy. Our altruistic war with Spain, carried seemingly by the favor of Heaven and almost miraculously to a speedy and just termination, created intense enthusiasm among both teachers and pupils. But the struggle to subjugate the Filipino, who is, ostensibly at least, fighting for freedom, adds no page to United States history from which to teach ethics to children, reared to believe that their Government makes war only when some great principle of human rights is involved.

Davenport, Nebraska. A TEACHER

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post.

It is necessary to fight the Filipinos in their own way, otherwise the brutes would torture our soldiers to death if they chanced to capture any. America is a champion of civilization. As such, she cannot view a war waged in the interests of this enlightening force without sympathizing with the power advancing its cause. We are carrying on a war in the Philippines to bring its people into the light of civilization. Cannot we sympathize with England, working with the same resolute purpose down in South Africa? D. P. H

Brookline, Massachusetts.

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

The American aggression in the Philippines and the British aggression in South Africa are in some respects similar. Both are unprovoked attacks of a strong nation on a weaker one under the guise of "civilization." We are—or were—a Republic, with the Declaration of Independence only a little over one hundred years old. Who would have thought, previous to the Spanish War, that in less than five years this country would be in the same unenviable position in the Philippines as Spain then occupied in Cuba! How are the mighty fallen! W. R. W.

Carnegie, Pennsylvania.

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post.

I think the South African and the Philippine wars are good things in that they serve to keep alive that good old Calvinistic doctrine of Total Depravity both in men and nations—lest we forget, lest we forget! E. E. S.

Owensboro, Kentucky

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post.

Both the Philippines and South Africa will be blessed with two of the best governments, by two members of the best races on the face of the globe; and if Filipino and Boer only knew it they would feel very grateful that America and Great Britain have undertaken such a gigantic task, at such a lavish expenditure of energy, blood and treasure, for this ultimate benefit. The United States has taken up a God-given responsibility, arising out of the Spanish War, and will not, like a weakling, fail to rise to the occasion or shrink from her duty to humanity and the world. W. E. G.

Devil Lake, North Dakota

To Young Men Beginning Business

The Magic Telephone

By WILLIAM HENRY McDONOUGH
Editor American Telephone Journal

THE village of Wauseon, Ohio, had reached the conclusion that it wanted a telephone service. A number of business men in the place formulated a petition, addressed to the Central Union Telephone Company, which controls the Bell rights for that part of Ohio. In due time there came a communication from the main office at Chicago, refusing the application. Wauseon, with less than three thousand people, the telephone company said, was entirely too small to warrant the installation of a plant. This was in the spring of 1895.

What followed sounds like a romance. A campaign of competition was inaugurated that has revolutionized the telephone situation in the United States.

The leader in the movement for telephone service in Wauseon was Edward L. Barber, a young man of thirty-three, head of a private banking institution inherited from his father. He was a graduate of Cornell, had lived for a few years in Cleveland, but for ten years he had been back in Wauseon his birthplace. One of Mr. Barber's closest friends was James S. Brailey, Jr., who was born in Wauseon twenty-three years before. He had attended the Northwestern College, and from there had gone to the University of Cincinnati and the Ohio State University, graduating as a lawyer in 1894. He had just about settled down to practice his profession in his native place when the Bell people made the foolish mistake of denying Wauseon. But for this mistake Mr. Brailey would, in all human probability, be a country lawyer to-day, looking after a comfortable but limited practice, and Mr. Barber would be a country banker as his father had been before him. Instead, these young men are the controlling factors in forty-six telephone companies and a few years more will see them millionaires several times over. They have inaugurated telephone systems, larger than the Bell, in Louisville and Lexington, Kansas City, Toledo, Utica, and some forty other places of lesser importance. Their systems are valued at many millions, and they are only at the beginning of their careers. And all this grew out of the Bell people's refusal to accommodate Wauseon. The act aroused Mr. Barber's ire. He hunted up his friend Brailey and laid the case before him.

The Beginnings of the Independents

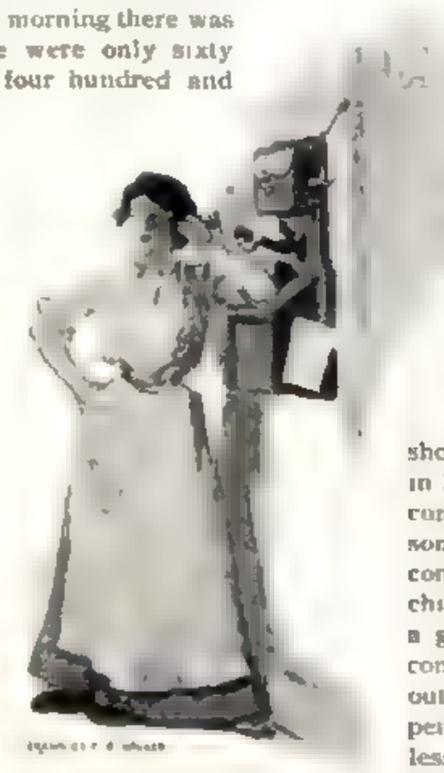
"Now," said he, "can't we compel these people to give us service?"

"No," said young Brailey, "we can't. But I'll tell you what we can do. We can get together with the other business men here and install our own system."

"But how about the patents on the telephone?"

"They expired last year. The Bell people assert they are still protected in their monopoly by the Berliner patent, but I am sure that will not hold water. There are already plenty of people in the field who are making telephones, and who will be only too glad to supply us with instruments if they can afford to take the chance, we certainly can."

The two young men associated themselves then and there for the purpose of building a telephone system for the village. They didn't know anything about the business, but that didn't deter them in the least. They set to work to learn. Some other young men in the town were interested in the proposition, and one fine morning there was a central in Wauseon. There were only sixty subscribers; to-day there are four hundred and more, or one for every seven men, women and children in the place. At this time neither Barber nor Brailey had any idea of going into telephone construction. But it happened that the neighboring towns of Napoleon, Ohio, and Adrian, Michigan, seeing how smoothly the telephone scheme worked in Wauseon, determined to have a similar service. Messrs. Barber and Brailey were requested to do the construction work. This was the real inception of the firm. The profit in Napoleon and Adrian was small, but it opened the eyes of the two young men to the possibilities that lay in this line of work. They organized the Central Construction Company, a partnership concern in which they hold equal shares, and went regularly into the installation of independent telephone systems. They worked all through Northern and Central Ohio, and then branched out into Indiana, New York, and afterward into Kentucky, until to-day their interests extend into many of the principal States.



THE NEWS IS RECEIVED BY SOME MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD

In this connection it is interesting to note that practically all the people who are engaged in independent telephone construction to-day were novices, men without training who drifted into the industry through circumstances. The independent field is so new and the development has been so enormous, that it has been wholly impossible to pick up in sufficient numbers men who have been regularly trained for the business. There is no other work in the United States that offers such prospects for bright, energetic, pushing young men who are looking about for business openings. I doubt whether any one not actively engaged realizes what has been going on in the telephone industry during the past seven years and what may be expected in the next seven. We have only so recently emerged from the absolute domination of the Bell companies that the general public is not yet awake to the fact that there is such a thing as a first-class telephone service outside of Bell control. This is true particularly in the East, where independent telephony is just beginning to develop. It will probably be news, therefore, to the public, that on the first of May there were in use in this country, in round numbers, three million four hundred thousand telephones. Of these only one million four hundred thousand were controlled by the American Bell Telephone Company, as against two million and over controlled by the independent companies. This is not mere guesswork. The figures have been carefully compiled. They are not absolutely accurate, simply because it is impossible to keep up with development in the independent field. Figures that are official to-day are dead to-morrow. Independent companies are springing up over night, and almost without exception they are successful from the very start. It is of record that there were more failures of national banks last year than of independent telephone companies for the last three years. Yet a dozen telephone companies are organized where one national bank is organized. And we have always been accustomed to look on a national bank as the soundest institution in the country. It is difficult, even with figures, to give an adequate idea of the telephone situation. In 1894, there were less than three hundred thousand telephones in use throughout the country. Three million new telephones, in round numbers, have been put in service in the last seven years, or ten times as many as had been installed during the preceding eighteen years. If this ratio of increase is to continue we shall have over fifteen million telephones in use in 1920. There are plenty of people qualified to pass an opinion who put it down that we shall have a great many more.

The Tremendous Gains of New Companies

In discussing telephony, even the best informed people will often make the mistake of underestimating the strength of the new movement. They will tell you that the Independents are all right in the country and in small towns, but that they will never be factors in the large cities where the Bell people have from the start been firmly intrenched. The facts do not bear this out. To-day independent companies are operating in St. Louis, Baltimore, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Newark, Louisville, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, St. Paul, Rochester, Toledo, and so on down the list. In Philadelphia an independent company has about completed its plant, and is already giving a partial service. Buffalo, Detroit and Kansas City are building. Thus of the first twenty-six American cities, fifteen have independent services and in the others prospects are promising. It is a question of time, and a very short time, I believe, when the situation will be cleared up in New York and Boston and the Bell people will meet with competition in these two cities. Chicago gave a franchise some time ago to a company which is at present constructing conduits for its cables. San Francisco has granted a franchise, and an independent company is now in the field seeking a grant for Cincinnati. New Orleans had an independent company until recently, when the Bell people bought it out at a fancy figure. Applications for telephone rights are pending in Milwaukee and Washington. Of the seventy-four lesser cities having a population of between thirty-eight thousand and one hundred and thirty thousand, fifty-two have independent exchanges, and franchises are now being actively sought in a majority of the remaining twenty-two.

THEN THE EXCHANGE MANAGER PROCEEDS TO READ

In the past it has been the policy of the Bell Company to buy up its rivals when they showed signs of becoming formidable. But experience has shown the unwisdom of this course, for no sooner has one company been put out of business by purchase than another has sprung up. In New Orleans, for example, where a big price was paid for the control of the independent company that had been built up there, a company of important capitalists is now organizing a new independent concern. Detroit was bought out, but a new plant is now under way. The Bell people have, therefore, practically abandoned the practice of purchasing and are meeting competition by cutting rates and improving service, a state of affairs that is bringing great joy to their subscribers.

Telephones Popular With Progressive Farmers

Since 1895 more than two hundred thousand instruments have been put into farmhouses. The farmers of the Middle West have been particularly progressive. Farmers' exchanges have sprung up everywhere in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and the neighboring States. The manner in which these exchanges go up is well illustrated by what are now known as the Stafford lines, in Geauga County, Ohio. In the spring of 1896 a number of farmers living about five miles east of Chagrin Falls, which is on the western border of Geauga County, concluded that it would be a pretty good thing to get into closer touch with each other by installing a telephone line running from house to house. They cut and set their own poles and here and there the fences were used to run wires. There were not over half a dozen in the original combination. The results were so satisfactory that the news spread in the neighborhood, and by fall several others concluded to build a line, using, with some extensions, the poles already erected. Up to this time it was simply possible under this scheme to talk from one house to the other. But as the number grew it was finally decided that it would be a good scheme if they could exchange conversations. One of the farmers, George W. Stafford, volunteered the use of his house as a "central" and here a switchboard was installed. Pretty soon the families in the neighborhood were fairly clamoring for connection, and as the exchange business grew Mr. Stafford realized that it would take some one's entire time to look after it. He therefore made a proposition to his neighbors to handle the exchange on a business basis. To-day this exchange, which is five or six miles away from the nearest railroad and which stands about a half mile from its nearest neighbor, controls forty-five miles of pole lines and has a hundred and fifty subscribers paying twelve dollars a year. It has a modern switchboard and its list of instruments is growing every day. It has long-distance connection with Cleveland, Painesville, Ashtabula, Warren, Youngstown and other centres of population, besides giving free service throughout the entire county of Geauga.

A telephone promoter is welcomed in rural communities with more eagerness than Santa Claus. An excellent example, though by no means an exceptional one, of what may be done, is furnished by the experience of a newspaper editor at Sturgeon, Missouri. He had a country weekly, and in order to get in closer touch with his people for stock and crop reports he concluded to build a little telephone line out through a certain section, where he could tap a number of

houses. His neighbors laughed at him as a scatterbrain who didn't know what to do with his money, but he kept on building. To-day he is making more money out of his telephone line than he is out of his paper, and he is extending the system in all directions.

At Tipton, Indiana, a place of thirty-eight hundred population, forty miles from Indianapolis, there is an exchange manager who is going through the same process, only reversed From a telephone man he is rapidly going into the field of an editor. He has a number of farm lines running out along the roads that lead to Tipton. With few exceptions, the houses along these roads are connected. The Indianapolis evening papers get into Tipton shortly after supper. The telephone man takes these papers, clips the headlines bearing on the main features, prepares a short synopsis, carefully written out, and pastes up what is known among newspaper men as a "dummy." When this is finished at a certain hour every evening he connects with all his lines, and gives a prescribed number of rings that brings every subscriber to his telephone Then the exchange manager proceeds to read to the farmers his summary of the latest news. This is followed by stock reports, weather probabilities and other special information that is certain to interest subscribers all along the line. At the other end the news is received by some member of the household, who repeats it aloud to the other members of the family gathered about the telephone. In this way the farmers know the chief happenings of the world almost as soon as they appear on the bulletin boards of the newspapers in the great metropolitan centres. This system, original with Tipton, has spread all through the Middle West and is now general in every farming community.

It is this sort of growth in entirely new fields that has brought all sorts and conditions of people into telephony Doctors, lawyers, ministers, politicians, butchers, bakers, blacksmiths are all to be actively found promoting, building, operating. Sometimes mere children, boys of seventeen and eighteen, will be found in little stations in out-of-the-way localities. In El Paso, Texas, there is a company of which a woman, Mrs. Brett, is president. Her husband was a telephone contractor, and had built up a prosperous business when he died. She bravely took up the work and has succeeded splendidly. She operates several companies herself and in addition does general construction work. She has built up an excellent business reputation throughout the West and has all the contracts she can handle

In Newton, New Jersey, Dr H. A. Miller had built up a considerable practice. Ill health forced him to retire. He became interested in telephony and in order to employ his leisure time built a little line in and about Newton. To-day he has two hundred subscribers, an exchange that is equipped with all the modern appliances, and is making over eight per cent on the money he invested

Instances such as these could be multiplied by the score People who have taken up telephony as a pastime or as a side issue have invariably ended by becoming fascinated by it and giving it their entire time. Many of these have started practically without capital, most of them without experience

Some Good Books for Telephone Students

When the telephone field was thrown open to all comers in 1894 there was no one in the field except employees or ex-employees of the Bell Company who had any knowledge of the subject. The Bell people from the start had impressed a policy of silence. No officer, engineer or manager of any company was allowed to write on the subject of telephony or to give to the public any information. For such literature as there was this country had to depend upon Europe. Now and then if a Bell man ventured into print, either through technical journals or otherwise, he was promptly taken to task and advised that a further transgression would result in trouble. When the break came, however, at the expiration of the patents, a number of writers appeared in the field, and to-day we have excellent textbooks, including American Telephone Practice, by Kempster B. Miller; The Telephone Hand-Book, by Herbert Laws Webb; Practical Features of Telephone Work, by A. E. Dobbs, and The A B C of the Telephone, by J. E. Homans. There are also one weekly and two monthly telephone journals in the field, and all the important electrical papers devote special departments to the work. It was generally the policy of the old company to buy up all the telephone patents and shelve them. This naturally retarded improvements, and the United States up to 1894 was far behind some of the other countries in its appliances, though it was the home of the telephone. In Sweden, for example, where the Bell Company had never been able to obtain a monopoly and where the field was open to all comers, the mechanism of telephony was far ahead of the United States, and to this day the use of the telephone is much more general there than it is here, though we are rapidly catching up. When the Independents came into the field all this was changed, and to-day we are producing a higher grade of instrument than is to be found anywhere else in the world

Under the leases granted by the Bell Company for territorial rights all instruments have had to be rented from the parent company, and all switchboards and central office apparatus must be purchased from the Western Electric Company a manufacturing concern controlled by the parent company As soon as the field was thrown open a host of independent manufacturers started up and their growth has been phenomenal. Their factories employ thousands upon thousands of men and represent the investment of many millions of capital All this since 1895

A volume could be written about the rise of this manufacturing branch of the independent telephone industry. A few examples that have come under my own observation will give an indication of what has taken place

A few years ago two emigrants landed in Chicago They were unable to speak English, but having had a little experience in their native land they got positions with the Chicago Telephone Company as repairmen at a dollar and a half a day. They were hard workers and ambitious. They set themselves to learn English and put in their spare hours studying the mechanism of the telephone. In 1895 they had a few hundred dollars saved between them. They resigned their positions and opened a little workroom where they began to make telephone instruments Their working force besides themselves, consisted of two men and three boys They were threatened with infringement suits and all manner of pressure was brought to bear to force them out of business. But they hung on. A few weeks ago one of these men took me over the factory he and his partner had built up out of that little workroom. There I saw a plant that occupied half a city block and employed twelve hundred people. They were turning out a complete telephone every minute. Recently these two manufacturers reorganized their company and now they are about to add fifty per cent. to their facilities, and still they doubt their ability to keep up to their orders, though with their new force they will ultimately be able to turn out close to a thousand telephones a day.

Another well-known manufacturer who has an enormous plant was a boy operator for the Bell Company. When the independent field was opened he branched out in a small way for himself. To-day he is president of a big corporation that makes telephones by the hundred thousand.

SENATOR HOAR

MEN AND MEASURES

The Week at Washington By Charles Emory Smith

VAST convulsions in Martinique and St. Vincent have filled the air for hundreds of miles about with volcanic dust There has been no eruption in Washington, and yet the presence of a sort of volcanic effluvia is perceptible Without any explosion there is a subtle exhalation which suggests mutterings and disturbances below the surface

The experienced observer feels it in the atmosphere. There is no shock and no stream of lava. No burning summit is visible and no open crater. The political fabric is not rocked and no tidal wave tosses and heaves the barks along the shore. But through unseen fissures there emanates a kind of vitreous vapor which pervades the air and leaves the consciousness of irritation.

These portents are not serious, and may never be. They are hardly palpable beyond Washington, and not yet ominous there. But they enter into the present tone and feeling of the Capital, and the true chronicle must take note of them. There is a degree of friction between the different branches of the Government. They look a little crosswise at each other. The Senate is out of sorts with the House; the House is impatient with the Senate, and not altogether brotherly within itself; and both are a little angular at Executive branches.

The House is restive under the assumptions of the Senate. It feels that its individuality and force as a part of the law-making power are gradually slipping away from it. The absorption of authority in the Senate goes steadily on, and the House seems unable to baffle the tendency, while the Executive side protects itself, so far as it does so at all, not so much by its rightful assertion within its legitimate scope as by an exceptional superiority which is dominating in itself

Several reasons conspire to handicap the House in this contest. It lacks the unity and the tenacity of the smaller body. Its larger numbers, its shorter tenure, its frequent changes, its unstable coherence, all impair its combative strength. Beyond this, it has measurably forfeited what should be its highest source of power. The House, coming directly from the people, is presumptively their immediate voice, and if it really spoke their will with true inspiration and decision it would be largely irresistible. But when in recent years has the House stood out conspicuously and commandingly as the lofty embodiment of the popular judgment? When has it thrilled and electrified the country with a trumpet tongued expression of high popular purpose? What masterful chieftain, seizing its banner, has led it with enkindling utterance to be the manifest pulsation of the popular heart?

Thomas B. Reed was a very Boanerges in holding the House together. He enabled it to act. He had iron will and viselike grip. His genius of control has rarely been equalled But he lacked imagination, sympathy, responsive enthusiasm, and the qualities which enter into popular and parliamentary inspiration. He brought the House to business, but he did not infuse it with the moral power and purpose which made it the conscious exponent of the Nation's will. It is doubtful if there has been any body since Blaine who had both the personal force and the popular leadership to make the House so visibly the incarnation of the people's impulse as to compel acceptance

The Paralysis of the Present House

During the present session the House has been well-nigh paralyzed. Instead of standing boldly and aggressively for a righteous public sentiment, it has been half-hearted, divided and irresolute. In the only real debate and battle of the session the sceptre was wrested from the nominal leadership and the House arrayed against the prevailing public feeling. The majority was broken; a segment struck hands with the minority, and the coalition made a new majority on a minority line. Had the situation been grasped early; had the first false steps been averted and a firm right stand been taken at the outset; had there been a commanding voice, clear, resonant and inspired, for a great National policy of justice and honor which should encompass this Western world as in a circle by itself of fraternity, reciprocity and mutual bonds under American hegemony, how different might have been the result!

With the delay and doubt of the Senate such a vigorous, united, uplifting self assertion of the House would have done no little to save its fading prestige. As it is, the House is sacrificing the one strong element of its power as the direct embodiment of the people's will, and in what is at the best an unequal struggle is needlessly giving the Senate an advantage to which it is not entitled. The Senate has enough in its favor without this additional make-weight. It never fails to uphold and advance its own prerogatives. It has its own differences and conflicts, but in defending its position as the ruling power in the Government it strikes as one man.

The elements of its predominance are obvious. The length of tenure gives stability and independence to the position of Senator. The continuous character of the body, with the terms of only a third expiring at a time, invests it with the quality of permanence. Through its power of confirmation it practically appropriates the power of appointment. Then it frequently happens that the individual Senator is the potential leader of his State, with plenary authority over its internal politics and determining voice over its outside alliances.

It is interesting to note how many Senators are State dictators. Senator Platt has long been the ruling force of New York Senator Quay is autocrat of Pennsylvania. Senator Hanna dominates all of Ohio that is not conceded to Senator Foraker. When Senators Elkins and Scott join hands not much in West Virginia can stand against them. Senators McMillan and Burrows make a team that sets the political pace in Michigan. Even New England is not free from Senatorial preponderance. Senator Lodge comes near being the master spirit of Massachusetts, and what Senator Proctor says generally goes in Vermont. The Democratic Senators come mostly from the South, where party organization is more loose. But enough has been said to suggest that the individual power of the Senator added to the inherent force of the Senate as a body explains much of its ascendency

The friction between the two branches of Congress is especially marked this year. It manifests itself in various ways The House returns an amended bill to the Senate with the usual message for a conference, but with the unusual instruction even to the first conferees not to yield The Senate lectures the House on bad manners Several bills have remained in conference for a protracted period. Behind the scenes there is a good deal of criticism which reaches around in many directions. The atmosphere is not as clear and exhilarating as it was some time ago. It is surcharged with a fine, gray, ashy dust which grits and grinds, and leaves the impression of attrition without any serious and threatening disturbance. Perhaps the influence which clarified and harmonized the elements and kept them attuned is missed.

The Splendid Speech of Senator Hoar

The speech of Senator Hoar on the Philippine question is still the theme of admiring comment. The universal recognition of its lofty quality shows that the charm of eloquence and the supremacy of intellectual power have lost none of their spell upon the minds and hearts of men. In an oratorical sense it is the most brilliant and impressive speech which has been made in Congress for years. Senator Hoar has not himself in his previous deliverances on the Philippines touched the sublime flights of this impassioned utterance.

The tribute is the more remarkable since it is given to the manner and not the matter of the speech. Those who wholly dissent from its view, who believe that it is utterly mistaken in its assumptions and conclusions, and that it rests throughout on a palpable fallacy, are none the less fervid in their admiration of its splendor of form, and of its dignity and elevation of moral spirit. Senator Hoar preserves the ideal of the old school of scholarship and statesmanship. He is

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steeped in the best literature and poetry of the ages. He is as familiar with the great orations of Burke and Erskine, of Pitt and Fox as with those of Hamilton and Wirt, of Clay and Webster. His speeches glitter with allusion and illustration and he draws as freely from Homer and Tacitus as from Shakespeare and Gibbon. He has a pure classic style, chaste and severe, but vivid and glowing, and he produces his effects not by sententious declamation but by loftiness of tone, by grandeur of imagination and by depth of feeling.

In his serene and beautiful old age, Senator Hoar has given himself up to the influence of sentiment, noble in itself if mistaken in its application, which has taken complete possession of his soul. In earlier years no man could surpass him in sure insight and in analytical reasoning. Even on economic questions, which appealed to his taste and culture less than those of a moral nature, he was penetrating and illuminating. In the great contest over the repeal of the silver purchase act he made the most luminous exposition both of what had been done and the reasons for it and of what ought to be done and the grounds of it that was heard in the Senate.

His speeches in the new departure of the country, on questions which arouse his fears, stir his emotions and appeal to his conservatism, are less logical and more sentimental. The least impressive parts of his recent deliverance are those in which he undertakes to deal with particular facts. His argument against the justifiable character of General Funston's capture of Aguinaldo is not effective. It strikes at the history, methods and purpose of war from the beginning of time and can find its only real support in protest against all war and not in criticism of this manner of pursuit. Both in his assumptions as to the spirit and attitude of the Philippine people as a whole and as to the nature of the American campaign he is equally at fault. But dismissing the inaccuracy of his premise, and considering only the manner of his moral appeal, he is superb, and his peroration, which shows the highest oratorical art and is worthy of the best of the great masters of speech, is a splendid specimen of imaginative description and eloquence.

When we contemplate the benign personality of this venerable man and the lofty range of his intellectual power, we can understand how those who most disagree with his present course have most profound respect and affection for his character and attributes. He was the earnest foe and critic of President McKinley's policy, but President McKinley had the warmest regard and consideration for him. Nothing, indeed, in public life was sweeter than the sentiment of these different and differing men toward each other. President McKinley was anxious to commission Senator Hoar as Ambassador to England, and proffered him the place. It was not with any desire to remove him from the arena of contention — in fact, the apprehension of such a reflection restrained the proffer for a time, though the contention had not then fully developed. But it was with a deep and sincere conviction that Senator Hoar, with his ripe accomplishments, his grand character, his dignified bearing and the mellow glory of his declining years, would shine among the greatest in the mother country, and would be a noble representative of our Republic and its free institutions. Amid the asperities of public life the fine sentiment of these men for each other presents a beautiful lesson.

The Friendship of Lord Pauncefote

No change in the diplomatic corps within memory has been felt so keenly as that which is involved in the death of Lord Pauncefote. In any event his retirement would have been inevitable at an early day, but Washington clung to him and he clung to Washington. Both he and his family were exceedingly popular. They were all cordial, unaffected and thoroughly sympathetic. Lord Pauncefote himself was a typical, refined Englishman. He had the grand manner united with entire simplicity, and he was an ideal figure as the head of the diplomatic body.

He was not brilliant like Lord Dufferin or versatile and facile like Lord Herschell. He made no speeches and wrote no memorable and distinctive despatches. His distinguishing quality was his sane and safe judgment and his sure method of proceeding to sound conclusions. Without public and demonstrative effort he steadily promoted good relations and created everywhere the impression of sedulously seeking the best understanding. The mystery of the proposed second joint note suggesting the remonstrative and unfriendly representation of the European Powers against the attitude of our Government on the eve of the Spanish American War — a note which went out over Lord Pauncefote's signature — has never been altogether dissipated; but it is a striking proof of the impression he had made, that it has never shaken confidence in his faithful friendship.

Lord Pauncefote in his post at Washington witnessed many and different kinds of Secretaries of State. He had dealings with Blaine, Foster, Gresham, Olney, Sherman, Day and Hay. He was very fond of Mr. Blaine and had great admiration of his brilliancy of intellect and fertility of resource. Of all men on the roll, Mr. Gresham was probably the least familiar with the duties of his office and the least diplomatic in his methods, but he had a great fund of stories and was an entertaining companion, and the British Ambassador found enjoyment in the intercourse if he did not find the most complete knowledge of questions. With Mr. Hay he was in fullest sympathy, for in him he met not only a rarely cultivated mind and scintillating talk, but the largest understanding of diplomatic history and methods.

The European Powers are cultivating the United States with extraordinary assiduity. Their relations among themselves are well defined. The relation of the United States is not so clearly fixed, and its freedom from any alliance, its abnegation of selfish ambition and its reliance on moral power, make its friendship and influence all the more sought. Germany and France have scored in the Prince Henry and Rochambeau missions. Russia cultivates American good-will in less ostentatious but very watchful and effective methods, and we may be sure that England will not be laggard in this rivalry.

The Steadfast Widow Delaney

(Continued from Page 5)

till mid afternoon, and then only because he was staggering with weakness and his hands were growing ineffective. After eating he fell asleep and did not wake till deep in the night. For some minutes he could not remember what had happened to him. At last his good fortune grew real again. Saddling his mule he rode up the creek and crossed miles above his newly discovered mine, in order to conceal his trail, and it was well toward dawn before he tapped on the widow's window.

"Is that you, Sherm?" she asked.

"Yes — get up quick; I have news!"

When she opened the kitchen door for him she started back. "For love of God, man, phwat have you been doin' wid yersilf?"

"Be quiet!" he commanded sharply and crept in, staggering under the weight of a blanket full of ore. "You needn't work any more, Maggie. I've got it. Here it is!"

"Man, ye're crazy! What have you there? Not gould!"

Gold! Quartz *rotten* with gold. Where can I hide it?"

His manner would not have been wilder had his bag of ore been the body of a man he had murdered. "Quick! It's almost daylight."

"Let me see ut. I do *not* believe ut."

He untied the blanket, and as the corners unrolled disclosing the red-brown mass even her unskilled eyes could see the gleaming grains of pure metal. She fell on her knees and crossed herself.

"Praise be to ye, Mary! Where did ye find ut — and how?"

"Not a word about that; I'm scared. If any one should find it while I am away they could steal thousands of dollars — why, it's like a pocket in a placer. Get me every sack you can. Give me grub — and hide this. There are tons of it. This is the best of it. We are rich — rich as Jews, Maggie!"

They worked swiftly. The widow emptied a cracker barrel and put the ore at the bottom, and then tumbled the crackers in on top of the ore. She set out some cold meat and bread and butter, and while Bidwell ate she brought out every rag that could serve as a sack. "I'll have more for ye to-morrow. I wish I cud go wid ye, Sherm — I'd like to set me claws at work at this dirt."

"I need help, but I am afraid to have a man. Well, I must be off. Good-by. I'll be back to-night with another load. I guess old Sherm is worth a kiss yet — eh — Maggie!"

"Be off wid ye — can't ye see the dawn is comin'." A moment later she ran up to him and gave him a great hug. "There — now, haste ye!"

"Be silent!"

"As the grave itself!" she replied, and turned to brush up the cracker-crumbs. "That Chinese divil has sharp eyes," she muttered.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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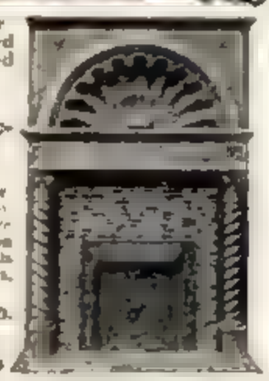

With and without mirrors. Handsomely carved from perfectly seasoned woods selected for

Rare Beauty of Grain

We sell direct from factory with freight paid to your home.

Write for free booklet, showing styles, telling why our mantels excel and how you save money and get a better selection by buying direct. Also tells how to properly set mantels, tiles, grates, etc.

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Artistic productions for Ladies' wear—Silver chatelaines in unique designs—Shoulder watches in all metals or enameled—Open face or hunting, for belt or pocket—Send for our booklets and select designs.

The New England Watch Co.

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TELEGRAPHY
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NAT'L ACT. TEL. CO., Box 4, Valparaiso, Ind.

Men & Women of the Hour

A Light that Failed

FRANK P. SARGENT

MR. FRANK P. SARGENT, President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, who succeeds Mr. Terence V. Powderly as Commissioner-General of Immigration, was discussing with a friend the strides of modern progress in the lines of invention.

"Representing railroad men," said he, "I am naturally interested, among other things, in lanterns. A lantern that will not blow out and whose rays are powerful enough to penetrate fogs and storms is a railroader's precious possession. The superiority of trainmen's lanterns has become so recognized that farmers now throughout the country are beginning to use them.

"'Since I got one of them railway beacon lights,' said an old corn grower in Illinois to me recently, 'life on the farm is a bright and shining path.'

"Then he showed me the melancholy contrivance that he had formerly used—a square affair with tin frame, panels of common window-glass, and a socket for a candle.

"'It was never any good,' said the old man. 'You didn't dare to set the derned thing down, for if you did, ten to one you wouldn't be able to find it again.

"'One black night I forgot my rule,' he continued, 'and I set the dratted thing down while I was fixing a hame. The candle burned along for a little in its sickly way but when I turned around I'll be hanged if I could see it.'

"'Did you finally succeed in locating it?' I asked.

"'Not until I went into the house and brought out a lamp,' was his reply."

Monell's Romantic Career

The simple announcement, recently made in the newspapers, of the election of A. Monell as President of the International Nickel Company, gives the climax to a striking business romance. The International Nickel Company was recently organized with a capital of thirty-five million dollars by Mr. Charles M. Schwab and others.

Mr. Monell is only twenty-eight years old, but it is said he is to have a salary of twenty thousand dollars, and an interest in the profits amounting to forty thousand dollars more, thus making an annual income of sixty thousand dollars.

In 1893 a slender lad walked into the office of Mayor Gilroy in the New York City Hall. He talked with Mr. Gilroy for a few minutes, and then, sad and dejected, went out. The Mayor looked after him regretfully a moment and said to his secretary:

"Do you see that young fellow? He is Judge Monell's son. He came in here to get a job; said he would take anything. But there was nothing I could give him."

A few years before young Monell's father had been a prominent figure in local politics. The son of one who sat on the Supreme Bench of New York State, he had found preferment very early. He was a lawyer in good practice, a civil justice, and counsel to the sheriff, a place worth in itself eight or ten thousand dollars a year. He died very suddenly and it was found that he had left absolutely no provision for his widow and family.

Young Ambrose, the son, managed somehow to finish his college course and then, on the strength of his father's services to the Democratic party, he sought the place which Mr. Gilroy was unable to give him. After his failure to secure a political job he disappeared from New York and was not again heard of in the circles where his father had been so prominent.

He made his way to Pittsburg and applied to Mr. Charles M. Schwab for a position in the Carnegie Company. He brought no indorsements or references. He simply said he wanted to work and would do anything.

Mr. Schwab, who was always quick to recognize energy, gave him a position as a laborer. In seven years he worked his way up until he was the chief metallurgist of the Carnegie Company. He had been in the works for years before any one knew that he was a college graduate, or that his grandfather had been a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York.

When the International Nickel Company was formed Mr. Schwab picked him out as the man who was to be in supreme control of its affairs, though he is only a boy in years.

Miss Roosevelt's Chafing-Dish

The simplicity of the life led by the Roosevelt family was demonstrated shortly after they moved into the White House by an incident in which Miss Alice Roosevelt figured. She was the guest of honor at a social function where the chafing-dish was the chief instrument of entertainment. Her hostess noticed that Miss Alice hovered about the chafing-dish with every evidence of keen interest.

"It's wonderful what these chafing-dishes will do, isn't it?" the hostess remarked by way of opening up conversation on the subject.

"Perfectly wonderful," replied the young White House lady with enthusiasm. "Wouldn't I just like to take one of them home and show it to the kids! I know they'd be tickled to death."

How Not to Learn English

DR. JOSÉ VICENTE CONCHA

DR. JOSÉ VICENTE CONCHA, the new Minister from the Republic of Colombia to the United States, began his political career as Private Secretary to a former President of Colombia, Miguel A. Caro. From that position Doctor Concha rose to the post of Attorney-General and later was appointed Minister of War. He is under forty years of age.

His accomplishments include a comprehensive knowledge of the English language, so far as reading and writing it are concerned, but he cannot speak it to any extent as yet, nor can he readily understand when addressed in that tongue.

A Member of Congress had occasion to visit Doctor Concha shortly after his arrival at Washington. On the way out the Congressman encountered a hotel employee carrying a bundle of newspapers.

"Let me have one of those papers," said the statesman.

"Can't; they're for the Colombian Minister."

"That's a cheerful task for the translator," commented the Congressman.

"Oh, no, the Minister reads them himself," was the rejoinder.

"Learning English out of newspapers!" exclaimed the Congressman. "Some one should tell him that newspaper English is not the highest possible standard."

"Well, he reads the Congressional Records every day, too," remarked the hotel man.

"In that case," chuckled the statesman as he strode toward the elevator, "Doctor Concha is on the royal road to a conception of the noble Anglo-Saxon tongue that shall be classic, complete and undefiled."

An Amendment for Watson

Although as a naval fighter Rear-Admiral J. C. Watson has had an active career, he has been from his youth an avowed and consistent Christian.

He is a member of the Farragut Association, composed of officers who served with the celebrated Admiral. The motto of the Association used to be:

"Damn the Torpedoes; Go Ahead."

On one occasion the Association planned a big reception in honor of Rear-Admiral Watson, and the renowned motto was spelled in evergreens on the wall.

"In deference to the sentiments of Admiral Watson," said a member, "I think we should cut out the strong language."

This opinion was echoed by others. A business meeting was called, the constitution was amended, and a deleted phrasing was adopted which has remained as the Association's motto. It reads simply:

"Go Ahead."

You can serve NABISCO Sugar Wafers every day in the week. They are made in many flavors.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

UNDERWOOD'S

Take it with you for an Outing Lunch

For every occasion, Wheeling, On the Links, On the Cruise, in Camp or at the Seashore, it is most palatable, appetizing, nourishing and satisfying. Requires no cooking, always ready. ¼lb. can makes 12 sandwiches. Send for Free book of recipes to the

WM. UNDERWOOD CO., BOSTON, MASS.

We Carpet Your Floor for $3

To introduce our new, serviceable and beautiful

BRUSSELETTE ART RUGS

Attractive and artistic patterns, woven on both sides and in all colors and sizes. Easily kept clean and warranted to outwear higher priced carpets. Sent prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Illustrated Catalogue showing rugs in actual colors sent free.

Sanitary Mfg. Company 23 Bourse Building Philadelphia, Pa.

AUTO EDUCATOR

"Self Propelled Vehicles," by J. E. Homans, just published, is a strictly up to date educator for automobilists and contains a vast amount of information on steam, gasoline and electric vehicles, a careful study of this hand book will give a clear understanding of the care and management of all types of automobiles. The work contains 640 pages, 500 illustrations and diagrams. Complete list of contents and sample pages sent free upon request.

THEO. AUDEL & CO.
63 Fifth Avenue New York, U. S. A.

THE EXPERIENCES OF PA

Lackawanna Railroad

A Series of delightful Sketches just issued by the Lackawanna Railroad. These sketches are contained in a handsomely illustrated book called "Mountain and Lake Resorts," which describes some of the most attractive summer places in the East.

Send 5 Cents in postage stamps to T. W. LEE, General Passenger Agent, New York City, and a copy will be mailed you.

Do You Need a Steel Range or Steel Cook Stove?

If so, we will sell you a

KALAMAZOO

direct from our factory at factory prices on

30 Days' Free Trial

All of our stoves and ranges are equipped with the oven thermometer and all other late improvements. Our entire line is sold direct to you at one factory profit only. All stoves shipped to our own factory, and any stove we make, freight prepaid. A word to the wise: If you want a good stove and want to get it at the right price, write for our free catalog. Address

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.

The "Splendid Opportunities" which President McKinley declared are offered by the Philadelphia Textile School in

Textile Education

are described in the Illustrated circular sent free on request. Address

E. W. MILLER, Principal
School of Industrial Art of the Penna. Museum, Dept. E, Broad and Pine Streets, Philadelphia

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The University Preparatory School

Boarding and Day Departments

SUMMER TERM opens JULY 16 for 8 weeks

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Mail it with your address and receive our Free Sample Lesson, Circular with terms, particulars and Twenty portraits of well-known newspaper artists and illustrators.

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are for those who take no pleasure in mechanical labor. Started and kept in motion without worry or tinkering. Simple, noiseless, graceful. The most practical automobile for business or pleasure. Easily controlled by man, woman or child. Write for catalog.

NATIONAL VEHICLE CO., 982 E. 22nd St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Literary Folk

Their Ways & Their Work

The Empire of Business

It is seldom a volume is offered that has in it as much of value as Mr. Carnegie's collection of essays, published under the title of The Empire of Business. It may be read with profit by all men, but particularly by young men. To those who have their way to make it will be an inspiring guide; to those who enter business life with an inheritance it brings counsel that, if heeded, may do much toward nullifying the danger that exists for any man who comes into a ready-made place, and into wealth earned by another.

It is Mr. Carnegie's opinion that the world would advance much faster and its people would be much better off if it could be so arranged that no man should be left anything more substantial than a sound body, a healthy mind and a good education. In this, most thinking men will agree with him. No one can estimate even remotely the harm that is done by rich and indulgent parents who require nothing of their children in the way of work and who provide them with unlimited opportunities for enjoyment and mischief.

Mr. Carnegie puts the case very convincingly, when he asks us to consider what the human being would say to an accomplished old deerhound that should act as so many men act. He asks us to imagine this deerhound corralling a large herd of the choicest deer in the forest, and then saying in effect to his puppies:

"Now, boys, sail in and help yourselves. I will do the hunting for you. All you need to do is to eat."

A mangy lot of dogs that old deerhound would raise, says Mr. Carnegie. And the prospects for mange among human puppies raised under similar circumstances he considers equally dangerous.

In the chapter on Advice to Young Men the iron master is very strong and epigrammatic. He suggests that the young men substitute "What *can* I do for my employer?" for "What *must* I do for my employer?"

When he leaves the domain of pure business and makes an excursion here and there into the domain of political economy, Mr. Carnegie is not always so strong as he might be. For example, the chapter on The A B C of Money presents some rather involved logic and some arguments that are not at all times clear or clean cut. But these flaws in the book are unimportant in view of the strong lessons contained in most of the chapters. The Road to Business Success is an admirable guide and written without the use of an unnecessary word. The A B C of Business, Thrift as a Duty, How to Win Fortune, and most of the other essays, contain that which, if it can only be impressed upon our young men, is certain to do even more good in the world than all the libraries which Mr. Carnegie has presented with such lavish generosity.

Of course it is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules that will lead inevitably to success, but it is possible to aid materially by counsel, and this Mr. Carnegie has done in a manner that has rarely been equaled. When he advises young men of The Three Dangers, namely, liquor, speculation and the lending of credit, or indorsing, he puts in a nutshell a whole category of sound business rules.

—*Charles R. Flint.*

Books With Biblical Titles

A close acquaintance on the part of authors with the terse and expressive phrases in the Bible is plainly shown in the titles of a host of books. Among the titles taken directly from the Bible are the following:

If Sinners Entice Thee, The Day of Temptation, The Favor of Princes, Wayfaring Men, Weighed and Wanting, The Wages of Sin, Black but Comely, Dross, In Kedar's Tents, The Valley of Decision, The Unjust Steward, Sons of the Morning, Visiting the Sin, The Quick or the Dead, The Prodigal, The Bondwoman, Tinkling Cymbals, The Crown of Life, Unleavened Bread, A Laodicean, The Birthright, The Garden of Eden, The Story of the "Innumerable Company," The Wings of the Morning, Until the Day Break, The Mantle of Elijah, They That Walked in Darkness, I Go a Fishing, The Tents of Shem, The Snare of the Fowler, Give Me Thine Heart, Mine Own People, The Measure of a Man, Resurrection, The Market Place, From My Youth Up, His Brother's Keeper, The Hosts of the Lord, On the Face of the Waters.

The list might be increased indefinitely.

This Large, Elegant $5.00 Frame for Only $2.50

RICH IN QUALITY — EXQUISITE IN DESIGN

$1.00 WITH YOUR ORDER — WE TRUST YOU FOR BALANCE

Nothing else will add so much to your home as one of these beautiful frames. Heretofore these exquisite designs have been enjoyed by the rich only, while our price now brings it within the reach of all.

It is of Florentine design, all gold and burnished scrolls with open work, measuring 16 x 20 on the inside (the standard and universally popular size); it is 3¾ inches wide, with a well defined and artistic sweep on the outside. This cut was made direct from the frame, and is a correct representation of the original in every respect.

As proof of the value of this frame we will make THE SATURDAY EVENING POST readers this **SPECIAL OFFER.** Send us **ONE DOLLAR** with the order, pay the balance ($1.50) after the frame reaches you, and you are thoroughly **convinced** that it is the **greatest bargain** you have ever been offered. Your money cheerfully refunded if not as represented.

Thousands of leading citizens throughout the United States, satisfied beyond expectation, can testify to the true worth and beauty of these frames. We sell scores of them to prominent people every day. The great volume of our business is what enables us to sell on this small margin.

Each frame is padded and carefully packed for shipment (free of charge), thus insuring it against any possible breakage.

Write your name and address plainly, also your nearest express office, thereby avoiding any possible delay or mistake. Our booklet, containing valuable information, sent free to our customers, including frame supplement issued regularly with our latest designs.

FARWIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Frame Dept., CHICAGO

The Sign of a Watch Case

This Keystone is the identifying sign of the best watch case made—no matter what it costs. It stands for worth and wear—for beauty equal to an all-gold case, at a much smaller price. The

JAS. BOSS

Stiffened GOLD

Watch Case

is better protection than a solid gold case, because of its stiffness and strength. Better than any other case, because it will last for 25 years without wearing *thin* or losing its beauty. A reputation of 50 years proves the value of the **Jas. Boss Case.**

Consult the jeweler. Write us for a booklet.

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY
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Strength and Endurance

The aim of every system of physical exercise is to invigorate and rebuild the internal organism—the Lungs, Heart, Stomach, Liver, Intestines, etc. By intelligently applied

Breathing Gymnastics

I accomplish this directly. My method enables the weakest woman to invigorate her internal organs as thoroughly as though she possessed the muscle and endurance of a Hercules. I *first* develop your lungs and teach you how to breathe deeply, causing an abundant supply of rich blood to flow through every vein in the body. *Then* I develop your external body. Adopting any other method is like beginning at the end and working backwards. *I guarantee unquestionable results.* Let me send you my handsomely Illustrated book, "Experience versus Experiment," descriptive of my course and methods. IT'S FREE.

NOTE—I publish a 48 page illustrated book on Breathing and Exercise, including a Chart of Special Exercises for the development of the lungs and muscular system. It is the most instructive treatise ever published on this subject and is well worth ten times the small price asked. Send on receipt of 10 cents.

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we will prove conclusively that we will teach you advertisement writing by mail thoroughly, practically, successfully. You will then know why successful business men throughout the country say: "I WANT A PAGE DAVIS MAN." You will know why our graduates are earning $25.00 to $100.00 per week. You will know why you should extend your advertising education to the leader of the oldest, largest and most influential institution of its kind in the world. You will also know why the majority of our students are taking the instruction through the recommendation of friends, who have previously taken the course. Write this very minute for our 64-page prospectus and hundreds of testimonials SENT FREE.

Notice to Employers! Countless millions of engaging commercial advertisements written are essential to transact business with us. We have placed over one-half million writers and advertising managers in most of the largest houses in the world.

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10 Regular, Newspaper Work, Cartoons, Lettering, Designing, etc. Students enthusiastic. Personal instruction and guidance. Prepare quickly for paying work. No vacation for our graduates. Experience unnecessary. Oldest, largest, most responsible and most practical school in the world. Incorporated. Write postal today for unsolicited testimonials and full particulars.

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Hanging Settees For the porch or house. Comfortable, strong and adjustable. Hand made of finest imported rattan. The first time such a settee has been offered at a reasonable price. Freight prepaid east of the Mississippi. Write for catalog of Settees, Couches, Reese Trunks, etc., direct to buyers. Rattan Novelty Co., 121 E. South St., Indianapolis, Ind.

"DEARBORN JUNIOR" Typewriter Table Cabinet
42 in. long. 24 in. deep

Takes place of the ordinary typewriter desk costing twice the money. Golden oak, handsomely finish, locks, casters, handles. Delivered east of Rocky Mountains, freight prepaid, for $10. If not satisfactory return at our expense. Write for catalogue of the famous Quadruple Cabinets.

DEARBORN DESK CO., Birmingham, Ala.

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RIGHT WAY—RIGHT PRICE

Our new booklet is worth $10.00 to any intending diamond or jewelry purchaser. It's Free. Let points to guide you in diamond buying. Sent on approval, express paid. Pay money from diamonds by our charge account system. Write today.

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KLIP-KLIP

Trims, files, shapes, cleans, and keeps the nails in perfect condition.

A complete manicure for men, women, or child

The Pocket Manicure

Silver steel, nickel plated. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, if your dealer doesn't have it — 25c.

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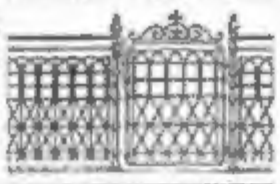
ORNAMENTAL FENCE

23 designs, all steel. Handsome, durable—Cheaper than a wood fence. Special inducements to church and cemeteries. Catalogue free.



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GILBERT'S HEEL CUSHIONS

Make Lasting the Shoe
Make Easy Walking

Lock the heels. Increase height. Make better fitting shoes. Remove fat in Walking. Endorsed by physicians. Simply press to the heel, feel down. Don't require larger shoes. ½ in., 25c.; 1 in., 50c. per pair. At your nearest dealers. If not, send name, size, height desired, and 6 cent stamps for pair on ten days' trial.

GILBERT MFG. CO., 18 Elm Street, Rochester, N. Y.

An Education Without Cost

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course (all expenses paid) in any college or conservatory in the country in return for a few hours' work for the magazine. If you are interested send a line addressed to The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

The Man In Gray

His Argument for a Reformed Service

By Henry C. Power

TIME was—and that within recent years—when the popular conception of a letter-carrier was that of a species of adult messenger boy, the nature of whose duties required nothing more exacting in the way of eligible qualification than sound lungs and sturdy limbs, combined with a rudimentary knowledge of the three R's. That unjust impression has gradually given way to a more intelligent appreciation of the comprehensive, intricate and responsible duties performed by Uncle Sam's army in gray.

It is a modest and conservative claim to say that the United States Post-Office Department is the most stupendous piece of machinery which human ingenuity has devised. To deserve and retain this proud supremacy, it is requisite, among other essentials, that the personnel of the Department be maintained at the highest possible standard. In these times of keen commercial rivalry, prompt and reliable mail service is an indispensable adjunct to the successful conduct of all business enterprises; and an apparently trivial irregularity on the carrier's part may involve serious consequences. Nor is it sufficient that the carrier be infallible in this respect—he is required to correct the mistakes and supply the deficiencies of careless and illiterate correspondents. He must also record, memorize and tabulate in his brain, ready for instant use, thousands of changed addresses, for he is held to strict account for the correct disposition of all mail passing through his hands. The carrier's work cannot be done in a leisurely go-as-you-please manner, but must be accomplished under the highest possible pressure of speed, and within strictly-defined limitation of time.

Above all, his reputation for honesty and sterling integrity must be absolutely beyond doubt. He handles annually thousands of articles of intrinsic value, unrestrained by the ordinary checks applied to other modes of conveyance, such as the giving and obtaining of receipts; and it is but just to add that the proportion of losses due to misconduct by this class of public servants is gratifyingly small.

The Question of Salary

These illustrations of a letter carrier's duties and responsibilities could be multiplied indefinitely, but enough have been cited to dispel any illusion that his work is more or less manual or automatic labor. On the contrary, in addition to a sound physique he must possess high intelligence, indefatigable energy, ready tact, and must be patient and polite under all provocations.

The question of what constitutes a fair and equitable wage is an important one.

Stated in broad terms the pay should be sufficient to enable the carrier to live and bring up his family in a manner appropriate to his station in life, and also to enable him, after the satisfaction of all legitimate needs and pleasures, to invest a residue for his maintenance when old age disability shall have overtaken him.

That the United States Government, having an inexhaustible treasury at its command, should treat its employees as a favored class by paying them an extravagant rate of wages is entirely untenable. On the other hand, in an age when the claim of the wage-earner to a larger return is daily receiving more generous recognition, it is surely incumbent upon the Government, both as a matter of sound policy and abstract justice, to deal with its employees in a spirit of liberality.

The present pay of the carriers was established over thirty five years ago. During that time the cost of living has admittedly and materially increased. This statement does not necessarily imply that the price of breadstuffs, clothing and other component items of living has steadily advanced, although as a matter of fact that contention might be easily supported by statistical data. But waiving that point, it is necessary to bear in mind that modern progress entails and compels a more costly manner of living.

Venus Flexo Garter

$1000. Given Away

with the sole object of extensively advertising these two popular articles: Venus Hose Supporter for Women and Flexo Garter for Men.

HOW TO SECURE YOUR SHARE Everyone who, before September 10, 1902, answers this advertisement, and complies with the following two conditions, shall receive an equal division of this $1000.00 distribution in cash.

FIRST: Write plainly the name of a dry-goods firm, or men's furnisher that you patronize.

SECOND: Buy any one of the following, either from your dealer, or order direct from us:

Venus Hose Supporter, Satin Band, Frilled Silk Elastic 50c
Venus Hose Supporter, Same Style as Above, Reversible, 25c
Flexo Garter, Silk Finish, 25c

If you buy of your dealer send us the purchase slip, this will entitle you to your share. If you order direct, supporters will be sent postpaid on receipt of above listed retail price, in stamps.

On the evening of September 10, 1902, the counting of papers shall be made, and the $1000.00 will be divided equally among all who have complied with above terms. Each Pair Ordered Receives a Share of the $1000.00.

The Venus Hose Supporter

for women is different in many ways—it is worn over or under corset, or girdle, and is the invention of ladies.

It positively holds the stocks in perfect position, as every garter should—keeps the stockings and point of support far enough apart to prevent the stocking from chafing down above upper side of boot, and thus does away with the wrinkle so common to ordinary supporters.

Both styles of the Venus are beautifully made, and fitted with commercial metal parts, and the new non-rusting Fiber Shank Flexo Fasteners. In ordering be sure and mention the color you desire, choice light blue, white, black, cardinal or pink.

Flexo Garter for Men

has more good features than any men's garter on the market. Made of our exclusive piece of flat silk elastic webbing. Lies perfectly flat against leg, therefore cannot slip or unfasten.

The Flexo Loop and Fiber Shank Have Qualities of Ease, and absolutely prevent tearing. A better holding—feeling—wearing garter cannot be made at any price, than the Flexo at 25c.

Ask your dealer for Flexo or Venus—and be sold fashioned satisfactorily. The Flexo Loop and Fiber Shank are fully shown in the cut, but by them to describe.

Booklet, "Order of the Garter," Mailed Free.

A. STEIN & COMPANY, 218 Market Street, CHICAGO

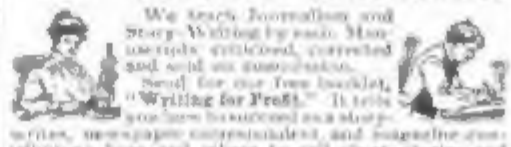
SMITH & MABLEY

513-515 Seventh Ave., NEW YORK.

Automobiles

The Panhard-Levassor.
The C. G. V. The Renault.

HOW TO SELL SHORT STORIES



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Send for our free booklet, "Writing for Profit." It tells you how to succeed as a short-story writer, newspaper correspondent, and magazine contributor; how and where to sell short stories and special articles; how to start right. Thomas H. Wise, Editor-in-Chief; staff of specialists; founded 1895.

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with a new and complete stock—in department store in 10 to. If you're ambitious let me help you as I've helped others. My plan costs you nothing. If you like I'll find you a location free.

G. S. BUCK, 197 Quincy Street, CHICAGO

The IDEAL Steam Cooker

REDUCES FUEL BILLS ONE HALF

Makes tough meats tender. Prevents odors and odors. Cooks in compartments. Saves in cooking fruits. Whistle blows when cooker needs more water. Seamless copper bottom and sides. We also make Square Cookers with doors.

Send for illustrated catalogue.

We pay expressage. Agents wanted.

TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 62, Toledo, O.

SUMMER HOMES IN VERMONT

LAKE CHAMPLAIN and THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

Illustrated Book with complete list of hotels and boarding-houses. Sent for 2c. stamp. Mailed for 4c.

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C. V. R. R., Rutland, Vt.

STEM-WIND WATCH, CHAIN AND CHARM

You can get a Stem-Wind, Nickel-Plated Watch, guaranteed, also a Chain and Charm, for selling 10 packages of Bluine at 10c. each. Send name and address at once and we will forward you the Bluine and our large Premium List, postpaid.

No money required.

BLUINE MFG. CO., Box 694, Concord Junction, Mass.

We Teach Telegraphy Quickly

and put our graduates in work. Railroads write us daily for operators and freight agents. Railroad Passes to Destination. Expenses low and students can earn their board while attending school.

50-page book telling about it—Free

VALENTINE'S SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY
TELEGRAPHY BUILDING
School Established 20 Years. JANESVILLE, Wis.

$57.75 Buys a Runabout Full Bike Gear Best Grade Rubber Tires

We manufacture and carry a full line of Buggies, Carriages and Harness of superior quality, style and finish. With the entire output of two immense factories under our control, shipping facilities of any shipped, we are able to name prices that—quality considered—positively defy competition.

SAVE DEALERS' PROFITS—BUY FROM FACTORY

All goods guaranteed and shipped on approval. Money back if you are not satisfied. Write immediately for catalogue and our special inducements.

UNION BUGGY CO., 402 Saginaw Street, PONTIAC, MICH.

4th of July Special

The boys are bound to make noise, but don't let them take chances with cheap toys when they can celebrate safely and to their entire satisfaction with the

Young America Double Action Revolver $2.25 Safe. Reliable

22 Caliber, 7 shot, rim fire.
32 Caliber, 5 shot, rim or center fire.

If not to be had of your dealer write us, enclosing amount, and we will supply you by return mail, sending prepaid.
CATALOGUE FREE.
HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.
Dept. P, Worcester, Mass.

Positions

are secured by those who know how to apply for them, but ninety-nine who apply fail where one succeeds. The successful man knows how—he gets the position. **"How to Answer a Want Ad"** is a book that tells you how to apply for a position. It contains in facsimile actual letters of application for all kinds of positions. Some of them are letters that get positions—others are letters that do not. The book explains the difference and teaches you how to write the kind that gets results. Success is

Guaranteed

to the man who knows how. If you ever answered a want Ad and failed to get a reply; if you are out of employment; if you want a better position—you need the book. It will keep you from writing letters that go into the waste baskets of business men.

The fifth thousand, now on sale, **will be sold for $1** per copy. **The regular price is $2.** Send a dollar for the book or a two-cent stamp for descriptive booklet. **Your money refunded if not satisfied.** Address

New York State Publishing Co.
Dept. A, Rochester, N. Y.

A Trip to Colorado at Small Cost

Burlington Route

During June, July and August we are going to sell Colorado round trip tourist tickets at less than half fare. $25 from Chicago, $21 from St. Louis, and from the east through tickets will be sold on about the same basis.

Send for a copy of our Colorado handbook which tells all about the prices for board at the different hotels, boarding houses and ranches; gives the names and addresses of proprietors, information about the hunting and fishing, guides, livery, etc. No charge, and with the book I will send a circular telling about the ticket rates and train service.

Address P. S. EUSTIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Ry., 209 Adams St., Chicago.

GET THE GENUINE PUNCTUREPROOF SELF-HEALING PNEUMATIC BICYCLE TIRES
SAVE MONEY AND TROUBLE
NAILS, TACKS AND GLASS WILL NOT LET THE AIR OUT
BE SURE TIRE IS BRANDED WITH AN ALLIGATOR IN RED. OTHERS NOT GENUINE. PUNCTUREPROOF

GUARANTEED "NO OTHER TIRE LIKE IT." SPEAK OF IT
PATENTED
Regular Price $10
Now Only $4.95 PER PAIR
THIS OFFER IS WITHOUT PARALLEL AND IS LIMITED
TO INTRODUCE QUICK, EXPRESS PREPAID
WE SEND C.O.D. SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION ANYWHERE. NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED
MADE IN ALL SIZES. CATALOGUE FREE. WRITE TO-DAY. ILLUSTRATED & MECHANICAL CONSTRUCTION
THE VIM COMPANY, CHICAGO

Hammock Stands

Lawn Furniture, beautiful and ornamental. Saves lawn and trees. Illustrated catalogue free.
HERCULES MFG. CO.
Dep't 54 Centerville, Iowa

Contrary to widespread belief, and unlike most classes of uniformed public servants—national, state or municipal—the letter-carrier receives no pay whatever during sickness and incapacity for work. Though his disability may be the direct result of sickness contracted in the line of duty, his pay summarily ceases the moment he is unable to report for duty. An outdoor occupation is usually regarded as conducive to health and longevity, and under normal conditions it possibly may be, but there are times (as during a blizzard, for instance) when the carrier finds it a trifle superstrenuous.

His constant exposure to all degrees and extremes of weather makes him peculiarly susceptible to pulmonary ailments. To be sick, and at the same time to have one's income cut off, is a serious visitation, and as a matter of self-preservation the carriers themselves have endeavored to mitigate the distress by the establishment of local beneficiary associations. Each member receives a stipulated weekly allowance during sickness, and in case of death an amount sufficient to defray funeral expenses is paid. Some idea of the good work accomplished by these associations, and the necessity for their existence, is given by the fact that during the year ending December 31 last, one association alone paid out the sum of $10,000 for sick and mortuary claims. As the associations are conducted on a mutual-assistance basis there is no objectionable eleemosynary feature about them.

There is a more or less vague impression that the letter-carrier is pensioned in his old age, or after a stated number of years of continuous service. This impression doubtless originated in the natural assumption that the letter-carrier is on an equal footing in this respect with other members of the uniformed public service. Unfortunately for him, it has no foundation in fact.

The Carriers' Association

Despairing of receiving any immediate direct relief from the Government itself, in view of the deep-rooted public prejudice against the establishment of a civil pension list, the carriers of the country, through their national organization, are grappling with the subject in a spirit commensurate with its vital importance. The movement will soon take tangible shape and will have the hearty support of the Post-Office Department. I would refer all interested to the report of the First Assistant Postmaster-General for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, which takes advanced ground on the problem.

There are various items which, considered separately, appear trifling, but which, taken in the aggregate, make a substantial deduction from the carrier's gross earnings. They need not be enumerated here.

One of them concerns the matter of uniform, of which the carrier must possess a supply adaptable to all kinds of weather. Nor should we neglect to mention that the carrier serves an apprenticeship, or period of substitution as it is called, ranging from two to four years, during which time he earns an extremely precarious livelihood, and lives a hand-to-mouth existence, counting himself fortunate if he can make both ends meet. It is thus practically a matter of five or six years before he is able to enjoy the present maximum salary. After twenty-five years' continuous and incessant pounding the sidewalk he must begin to deteriorate physically.

A letter-carrier is a hard-working, intelligent public servant, and a self-respecting, law-abiding citizen. He contrasts his present comparatively pleasant lot with the hard, grinding conditions under which he at one time groaned, and is grateful accordingly. In loving testimony of that gratitude he has erected a monument in the first city of the land to the memory of a man who was known far and wide as the letter-carriers' friend, Samuel Sullivan Cox. He is proud of his uniform, knowing that it commands the respect of all. He has a clientage of millions of people with whom he comes in daily contact, and he possesses their confidence and esteem. If the carrier's emoluments could be adjusted by referendum, he would be the most envied of all minor Federal servants.

He knows that through the agency of the National Association of Letter-Carriers many petty annoyances and acts of tyranny have permanently disappeared. He believes that, under prudent and conservative management, and acting in harmonious relation with the Department, a still higher standard of discipline and a greater degree of efficiency may be attained, and he refers with pride to official verification of the soundness of this belief.

The Science of Advertising

Free to Every Yearly Subscriber

1 The Mahin Method

A 72-page collection of valuable advertising matter containing reproductions of posters, street car cards, magazine and newspaper advertisements and a symposium presenting the **strongest claims for various kinds of advertising** by men who have made national reputations in the specialties on which they write. Here is a partial list:

Magazines by F. N. Doubleday
Publisher of the World's Work.
Home Papers by E. W. Spaulding
Advertising Director of The Ladies' Home Journal and The Saturday Evening Post.
Women's Papers by Thomas Balmer
Western Manager The Delineator.
Metropolitan Dailies by J. E. Verree
Chicago Representative of large Newspapers.
Local Dailies by A. W. Lee
President Lee Syndicate Iowa Newspapers.
Illustrated Weeklies by Conde Nast
Manager of Collier's Weekly.
Out-Door Advertising by O. J. Gude
President O. J. Gude Co., New York.
Bill Posting by R. C. Campbell
Manager American Posting Service.
Mail Order Papers by W. C. Hunter
Secretary Boyce's Monthly.
Street Cars by Barron G. Collier
President Consolidated R. R. Adv. Co.
Religious Papers by Everett Sisson
Publisher "The Interior."
Farm Papers by R. S. Thain
Late of Farm, Field and Fireside.

2 The Commercial Value of Advertising

A lecture delivered by John Lee Mahin at the University of Chicago, being an exposition of the vital principles underlying modern scientific advertising. This lecture contains matter full of interest and value to not only the advertiser but to all people who desire to keep in touch with the commercial progress of the present day.

3 Our Six Leaflets

THE "FOLLOW-UP" SYSTEM.
HOW A CONSTRUCTIVE FORCE REMOVES DIFFICULTIES.
THE VALUE OF AN INQUIRY.
MODERN BUSINESS METHODS.
TURNING INQUIRIES INTO ORDERS.
THE ADVERTISING OF THE FUTURE.

and the Science of Psychology are so harmonious that the application of the fundamental laws of Psychology is of the greatest value in influencing human minds—the real essence of advertising. To make Psychology of genuine service to advertisers the publishers of

Mahin's Magazine

have engaged Professor Walter Dill Scott, Director of the Psychological Laboratory of Northwestern University, to treat of the Psychological Element in Advertising.

The subjects of his articles already published are "Association of Ideas," in April, and "Suggestion," in May. "The Direct Command as a Form of Argumentation" appears in the June number, and "The Psychological Value of the Return Coupon in Advertising" will appear in July.

Professor Herbert L. Willett, Dean of the Disciples' Divinity House, the University of Chicago, will treat of the Ethical Element in Advertising.

The first article of his series, entitled "Do the Teachings of Jesus Countenance Advertising?" appeared in the May issue; in June, the subject is "False Pretenses in Advertising," and for July "The Advertising of Fictitious Bargains."

Mr. George B. Waldron, the eminent statistician, will treat of the Statistical Element in Advertising.

The first article of his series, entitled "The Drift of Population, Exhibited with Reference to General Movements, Territory, Age, Sex, Nationality, etc.," appeared in the May issue; "American Cities of To-day" appears in June, and "The Farmer and His Products" will be the subject in July.

Moreover, these articles do not comprehend all the contents.

MAHIN'S MAGAZINE is to be brimful of everything calculated to throw light on advertising in its various phases, whether newspaper, magazine, street car, out-door display, bill posting or the "follow-up system."

Send a dollar now for a year's subscription and get the benefit of these articles while they are most timely.

Mahin's Magazine
222 Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois

10c will bring either April, May, June or July issues if you want to examine a copy before subscribing, but if you send $1.00 we will send you the magazine for 12 months, the Mahin Method, the University Lecture and the six leaflets. After you receive them if you are not satisfied we will refund your dollar—cheerfully.

A FREE sample copy mailed for the name of a news agent who has not Mahin's Magazine on sale

To Young Men Beginning Business

The Young Farmer—By F. A. WARNER
MANAGER OF THE SIBLEY ESTATE FARMS

In THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of April 26th, under the above caption appeared an article describing the Ideal Young Farmer. The following *verbatim* extract is a source of pardonable pride to the Orange Judd Company, which knew nothing of its forthcoming appearance:

"A Course of Reading for the Farmer

If, however, the privilege of attending such a college is denied, I should advise a young man to spend as much of his time as possible in the deliberate, thoughtful reading of some selections from the following list of publications, nearly all of which can be obtained from the Orange Judd Company, New York or Chicago."

BOOKS

We are the largest Publishers and Importers of books pertaining to Agriculture and Rural Affairs. We make a specialty of Educational books in Agriculture, Art, Real Manual Training and Nature Study.

Our publications cover the Farm, Orchard, Flower Garden, Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Pet Stock, Dogs, Apiary, Boating, Fishing, Shooting, Architecture, Vegetables, Forestry, Insect Pests, and Housekeeping in all their branches. All of them are by practical writers, many of whom have world-wide reputations.

FREE Our Brief Descriptive Catalogue (16 pages) will be sent free of charge to all applying for the same. Our New Large Descriptive Illustrated Catalogue, 100 pages, 6 x 9 inches, 50 illustrations, thoroughly indexed by titles and authors, and containing detailed descriptions of all the best books on rural and home topics, sent for three cents in stamps, which only pays the postage.

"A Revolution in the Book Trade" sent to all desiring a working library upon unprecedentedly liberal terms. No cash in advance required.

BOOKS

ORANGE JUDD COMPANY
52 Lafayette Place, New York, N. Y.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

GUYOT SUSPENDERS are the easiest and most comfortable suspender made. Have indestructible buttonholes. If your dealer doesn't keep them send 50 cents for sample pair.
GUYOT BROS., 691 Broadway, New York City

PATENT SECURED or FEES returned. FREE opinion as to patentability.
Send for our Guide Book and What To Invent, finest publications ever issued for free distribution. Patents secured through us advertised without charge in The Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE. EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Malta-Vita THE PERFECT FOOD

Malta-Vita is an ideal summer food for people who suffer from the heat. Being scientifically prepared, properly cooked, easily digested and assimilated by the system, Malta-Vita removes many of the causes which go to make life miserable in hot weather. A perfect digestion is insured to old and young who use Malta-Vita.

Hundreds of letters are being received by the Malta-Vita Pure Food Co. telling of the merits of Malta-Vita. Hundreds of thousands of people are coming to know that the use of a perfect food, properly prepared, nourishes and regulates the system and removes the cause of many of the ills of life. Malta-Vita is such a food. It is scientifically prepared, properly cooked and always ready to eat.

A GREAT LABOR SAVER

Half the work and worry of a house-wife's life is removed when she introduces Malta-Vita into the family. Malta-Vita is The Perfect Food: perfect in taste, perfectly cooked and perfect because Malta-Vita contains all the elements necessary to sustain life and invigorate both mind and body. Malta-Vita requires no cooking and is relished by old and young, sick or well.

Malta-Vita and fruit, with cream and sugar to taste, makes a delightful summer diet and removes all necessity for building fires to insure palatable and pleasant meals.

Malta-Vita is sold in large packages. **15 Meals for 15 Cents.** If your grocer does not keep it, send his name and address and 25c. to pay for wrapping and postage, and we will send a large package direct. 6 large packages, direct, $1.00.

FREE—A valuable Cook Book, "72 Dainty Dishes," and a small sample package of Malta-Vita free on request.

MALTA-VITA PURE FOOD CO.
Dept. No. 5254, Battle Creek, Mich., and Toronto, Canada

PURE, PRE-DIGESTED, PERFECTLY COOKED, MALTED FLAKES.